SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE
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Briar-Patch

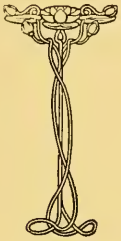
1910

Agnes B. Russfield
65 Commons Drive
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Shrewsbury, MA 01545-4904



The Briar-Patch

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TEN



EDITED BY THE
SENIOR CLASS
OF
SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE
SWEET BRIAR
VIRGINIA

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To our President

Dr. Mary K. Benedict

whose example of noble womanhood has been an inspiration to our class, we dedicate this, the first volume of our Briar-Patch, as a token of our respect, admiration and love



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TREASURER AND BUSINESS MANAGER

FANNIE CARROLL
SUPERINTENDENT OF THE HOUSEKEEPING DEPARTMENT

Beloved Sweet Briar

(Dedicated to the Class of 1910)

There's a vale in Virginia that memory thrills,
Where our dear Alma Mater sits circled with hills.
There we've wandered together in Springtime's glad days,
And when autumn spread round us her warm-tinted haze.
There in box-sheltered borders the roses bloom fair,
And the mocking bird's song floats on the still air.
There the woodlands are gleaming with autumn's soft fire.
Forever we'll cherish beloved Sweet Briar.

'Tis the home of our hearts; though we wander afar,
We ever are led by her radiant star.
She still gives to her children, though scattered they move,
Her lessons of truth, beauty, wisdom and love.
Forever our sisterhood golden shall clasp
The hands that have met here in friendship's warm grasp.
Forever her beauty our lives shall inspire,
Forever we'll cherish beloved Sweet Briar.

H. C. R.

To the Thirty-Six

YOU students who saw the lights of Sweet Briar blaze for the first time on the evening of September 27, 1906; you who have gone the untrod way; you who have known the hardships which beset the beginners of great things; to you, thirty-six, belongs the name of pioneers. For by your perseverance, your energy, and your love, you have begun the plan upon which we are now building and upon which future generations will continue to build.

None but you may know what it means for thirty-six girls, inexperienced in the ways of college life, to be gathered together in new buildings, appalling because of their very newness, with an unfamiliar faculty to begin not only their own careers but that of a great college as well—for ours will be a great college some day.

You had no traditions, no organizations, no laws—nothing upon which to build. Yet, ere a month had passed, you had assembled together to organize yourselves into the Student Government Association, and to draw up that important document—our Constitution. Thanks to you, thirty-six, the students of Sweet Briar have always had the privilege of governing themselves.

But your work was not ended with this organization, for others were soon needed. Accordingly, the Athletic Association, the Dramatic Club and the Young Women's Christian Association were organized by you. Many a weary hour did you spend pondering over petitions, laws, and by-laws, and many a warm discussion took place in those small mass-meetings that year.

But, dear students, though your lot was a hard one, though you toiled diligently, yours was not a life void of all pleasure. Can you forget the praises which your Choir and Glee Club received from all who came to Sweet Briar? Can you overlook the fact that on May Day you crowned your queen and danced around the May-pole to the little song, "Gaily now we twine the May-pole!" Can you forget the dances of that year? Yes, dear students, though some consider these pleasures typical of the true finishing school, we thank you for them, we thank you that we can combine in our college life academic work and the social pleasures, which the so-called *finishing schools* enjoy.

Now, you of the thirty-six, who are no longer with us, may we tell you of the changes which have taken place? For changes have occurred—so many, in fact, that the Sweet Briar of 1910 would seem a different place to you now.

Let us tell you how these changes came about. The first change, which the old students noticed when they returned to College in the fall of 1907, was an attractive orange and green Noah's ark station instead of the little shed which had served to shelter them from the rain the year before. There stood, too, another omnibus bright and shiny with the words *Sweet Briar College* fully six inches tall. This second 'bus was needed, for instead of the little band of thirty-six, Sweet Briar now boasted of ninety students.

The year of 1907-08, however, is not characterized by the formation of new organizations, in fact, no one movement of the students stands out preëminently. We cannot, however, consider this a period in which no growth took place, for the organizations which were begun during the preceding year increased steadily in strength. Old constitutions were amended, and new life animated the Athletic Association and Dramatic Club. The Student Government Association, too, with the increase in numbers, was forced to pass new rules and inflict new penalties.

During this year the faculty undertook a plan which has since added much to our life here. This plan was the fitting up of Dr. William's office as a tea house in order to earn money for the establishment of a northern scholarship. In the afternoons when classes are over the students find their way to this wayside inn, where they laugh and talk as they enjoy the good things there. Thus, though this year was not one of marked growth it was not by any means one of stagnation.

The third year, on the other hand, was a year of the beginnings of things. In the first place a large new dormitory, Randolph Hall, was added to accommodate our one hundred and eleven students. These students seem to have within them the true college spirit, for very soon classes were organized and class teams formed. The interclass games were indeed exciting ones, particularly the last one when the College team was defeated by the Specials on Monday, April 5th. On this date our first Field Day exercises took place, after which a handsome silver cup was presented by the faculty to the Athletic Association, and the name of the champion of the day engraved upon this trophy. Later in the spring, also, an exciting tennis tournament showed us that the Athletic Association had indeed become a living organization. But these were not the only athletic achievements, for three clubs, the Tennis Club, the Boating Club, and the Golf Club were formed under the supervision of the general association.

In the Young Women's Christian Association there was no lack of enthusiasm. During the Christmas season the members of this organization planned a Christmas tree for the Indian Mission nearby, while in the spring it raised enough money to send two delegates to the Asheville Convention.

Dramatics, also, came to the front. Instead of existing as one club, it now formed two chapters, "The Billikens" and "The Merry Jesters," thus making competition play an important part in awakening enthusiasm.

Another club, which has proven extremely helpful to its members, is the Current Events Club, begun by the head of the History Department during the spring of this year.

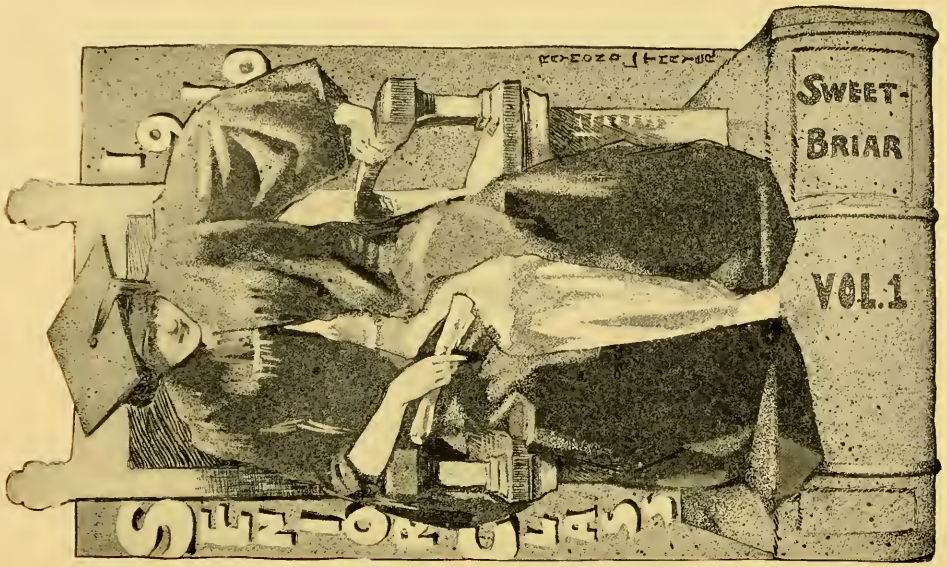
But let me tell you something more of the class spirit exhibited during the year 1908-09. As in all other institutions, there was a continual struggle of Sophomores and Freshmen. First one meeting then another was broken in upon. Sophomore banners waved gloriously in the breeze, to be taken down by the Freshmen. Plots conceived by one side were discovered by the other. Suspicion lurked in every corner, until weary of this manner of strife these classes decided to expend their energies in a more intellectual manner. Accordingly, a Debating Club was begun, and a constitution framed, providing for interclass debates. Oh! dear students, you should hear the eloquence which is called forth by the weighty subjects which these classes now discuss.

Thus passed the year 1908-09, but now comes the year which we consider the most noteworthy of any—it is the year 1909-10. In this year there has been growth from the smallest to the largest of the organizations, new events have occurred, and important things will come to pass ere this year draws to a close.

For the first time we have a boat-house—how you envy us now! Now we have our own book shop where we pay cash—oh, dear! Now we have a separate Choir and Glee Club; now we can boast of a Mandolin Club and of State Clubs; this year our first magazine has appeared; this year the first annual, so dear to the hearts of us all, comes forth; our first Founder's Day also was celebrated during the fall of this year; for the first time in our history we have, together with the Student Government Association, the honor system; at last, the long-looked-for hockey field is in view; and workmen have already begun the work for another new dormitory; again two out-door plays are being prepared for May day and for June. Indeed, thirty-six, the whole atmosphere is one of work, life and vigor.

But I have not mentioned to you the greatest achievements of our four years here. I have not told you of an event which will take place in June, and which will bring pride into the hearts of every student who has lived within these walls. Can you guess? I believe you can, for you have been thinking, too, of this event. You have been preparing, too, to come again to Sweet Briar to see our first Seniors as they bid us farewell. These five who are so soon to leave us were, as you were, pioneers. From the first they have been with us. They have borne the responsibilities of the first four years of college, and now they are to leave us with our love and admiration to go into the broader paths of life and to show to all who know them the first fruits of a College whose name is beginning to stand for the highest, noblest, and best of our native land. May not one of the little band of thirty-six be lacking on that day when these five, whom we all love, must leave us.

Jennie Hurt, 1911.


SWEET-
BRIAR
VOL.1

Senior Class

Colors: Green and Gold Flower: Daisy

Motto: "Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito"

MEMBERS

LOUISE MACLAINE HOOPER President
ANNIE WHITNEY CUMNOCK Vice-President
FRANCES PAYNE MURRELL Secretary and Treasurer
EUGENIA WHYTE GRIFFIN Prophet
ANNIE MARION POWELL Historian

HONORARY MEMBER

Dr. Mary K. Benedict



ANNIE WHITNEY CUMNOCK
Anderson, South Carolina

Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind.

Executive Committee Student Government Association, 1907-08; Treasurer Student Government Association, 1909-10; Executive Committee Athletic Association, 1907-08; Vice-President Athletic Association, 1908-09; Head of Basket-Ball, 1909-10; President Class, 1908-09; Vice-President Class, 1909-10; Glee Club; President Debating Club, 1909-10; Secretary Dramatic Club, 1908-09; Literary Editor BRIAR-PATCH; Class Basket-Ball Team, 1909-10; Varsity Basket-Ball Team, 1908-09; Billikens; Secretary of Class 1906-07, 1907-08.



EUGENIA WHYTE GRIFFIN
Salem, Virginia

And mistress of herself, though China fall.

Executive Committee Student Government Association, 1906-07, 1907-08; Secretary Athletic Association, 1906-07, 1907-08; Dramatic Committee, 1906-07, 1907-08, 1908-09; Secretary Y. W. C. A., 1907-08; Tea-house Committee, 1908-09, 1909-10; Varsity Basket-Ball Team, 1908-09; Class Basket-Ball Team, 1909-10; Glee Club; Billikens; Manager of Dances, 1908-09, 1909-10; President Dramatic Club, 1909-10; *Sweet Briar Magazine*, 1909-10; Art Editor BRIAR-PATCH; Class Prophet.



Louise Maclaine Hooper
Franklin, Virginia

And what she greatly thought, she nobly dared.

President of Class, 1906-07, 1907-08, 1909-10; Secretary and Treasurer Dramatic Club, 1906-07; Treasurer Dramatic Club, 1907-08, 1908-09; Secretary Class, 1908-09; Secretary Student Government Association, 1908-09, 1909-10; Varsity Basket-Ball Team, 1908-09; Class Basket-Ball Team, 1909-10; Dramatic Committee, 1908-09; President North Carolina Club; Glee Club; Billikens; Literary Editor Briar-Patch.



Francis Payne Murrell
Lynchburg, Virginia

Candor is the seal of a noble mind, the sweetest charm of woman.

Executive Committee Student Government Association, 1907-08, 1908-09; President Student Government, 1908; Executive Committee Athletic Association, 1907-08, 1908-09, 1909-10; Head of Tennis, 1908-09, 1909-10; Varsity Basket-Ball Team, 1908-09; Class Basket-Ball Team, 1909-10; Billikens; Associate Editor *Sweet Briar Magazine*, 1909-10; Business Manager Briar-Patch, 1909-10; Secretary Class, 1909-10.



Annie Marion Powell
Wytheville, Virginia

A woman nobly planned to warn, comfort, and command.

President Young Women's Christian Association, 1907-08; Vice-President Student Government Association 1907-08; President Student Government Association, 1908-09, 1909-10; Editor-in-Chief Briar-Patch; Associate Editor *Sweet Briar Magazine*, 1909-10; Class Historian; Varsity Basket-Ball Team, 1908-09; Class Basket-Ball Team, 1909-10; Glee Club; Billikens.

Senior History

TRULY this history tells of a class peculiarly unique—unique because it is the first graduating class of Sweet Briar College. Oh, reader, does your heart not burn within you when you contemplate this fact; do you wonder that we feel, in this our year of final achievement, the privilege and honor of membership in the Class of 1910, the first graduating class in this new College of our Southland? Do you wonder that we are impressed with our own importance, that we feel a pardonable amount of self-satisfaction and pride? This pride in being a pioneer class would, I fear, have been no whit diminished even had our achievements been less at Sweet Briar. But, Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen, pardon the conceit, we have striven and we have achieved great things. True, we have not always been victorious in Athletics; in our aspirations we have not soared more than ten feet above the ground, and we have not burned the midnight oil in our efforts to excel our rival class, but these *have nots* pale into insignificance by the side of the many noble, heroic deeds which we *have* performed, but which, alas, modesty, time and space forbid me to enter upon.

In September, 1906, we entered Sweet Briar College and began our momentous careers. At first the road was long and hard; disorganization was on every side. We realized, with a pang of disappointment, that the ideal college life, of which we had read and heard so much, was not to be found ready-made in a new college, but that it was to be attained only through the labor and perseverance of the first class brave enough to tread its untrodden soil. To the Class of 1910, therefore, belonged the responsibility of forming and molding college life and college traditions.

As the days and months passed, and we watched the various organizations take root and grow in our hands, disappointment gave place to joy, responsibility to privilege. With pride and exultation we realized that our Class and our College were developing hand in hand, both acquiring each day greater dignity and honor. Truly the Class of 1910 was blessed above all other classes!

But think not, O reader, that our path of glory was one of unalloyed happiness; think not that all of our trials and tribulations were confined to that fall of 1906. Then we had disorganization to combat, later, as we delved into Lodge, traced with Dale the organization of Parliament and with Zeller

and Rand the organization of thought, we pondered within ourselves if, after all, disorganization were not preferable to its opposite. Nor were these our only obstacles—Prose Composition, Analytical Geometry, Anglo-Saxon and numerous other torments and persecutions must be *passed* before we reached the goal. Twice a year we felt our courage wane, our spirits flag and we trembled for our little band of five, but fortune smiled upon us and, thanks to a generous use of cram, bluff and study, we have come safely through the ordeal; we feel in our grasp the much-desired A. B. Perchance some of our members are weary and worn, possibly all of us have lost a bit of the vigor of our youth, but what is this trifle compared to what we have gained from these four college years!

We have experienced and enjoyed the verdancy of Freshmen, the conceit of Sophomores and the irresponsibility of Juniors, but the Senior year is the best, by far the best, after all. When, as Freshmen, we entered College our sole aim and ambition was to complete the course so formidably set forth in the catalogue. Now, as Seniors, we realize that the most vital parts of our life at Sweet Briar are not included in this catalogue. We have mastered the text-books, but text-book lore may leave us to-morrow, aye, even now it is gone, but the development and growth these years have brought us are our possessions now and always.

It is in our Senior year that are drawn closer and sealed the ties which for four years have been drawing us together. Here are made fast and firm the deepest friendships—friendships that will last when the Class of 1910 is scattered and gone. Here we learn to give our faculty the respect and love that has been miserly dealt out in the years preceding. To us then they were teachers merely, stern text-book expounders; now we see them as our friends and guides, now we love them as those to whom our welfare is dear, as those who care for our interests and advancement. Life's lessons came to us here, our college years have not been in vain.

The college history of "1910" is over. During the years to come she will be followed by other and more brilliant classes, but to her will always be ascribed the glory and honor due a pioneer. No other class, however brilliant, can stand in exactly the same relation to her Alma Mater, no other class can ever sing with quite as much heartiness—

Here's to the days that we have known.
Here's to the days to be.
Here's to the college we call our own—
Here's to S. B. C.

HISTORIAN.

Extract From a Diary

March, 1930.

MY poor old Diary, to think I haven't touched you for a month! But so much has happened in that time that now I will have to start in at the beginning and tell you all.

It was a raw and dreary afternoon in the middle of February when, tired out, I was sitting alone in the library, luxuriously indulging in a cup of tea and gazing into the glowing coals. In the morning's paper I had read of the brilliant wedding of one of my old college mates to a distinguished foreign nobleman, so, now recurring to this in my thoughts, I gradually began to review in memory all those dear old golden days at Sweet Briar.

Absorbed in such memories, I was greatly startled by hearing a queer noise outside of the window.

"Goodness, what on earth made that screeching sound?" I exclaimed in an irritable manner.

I had just recovered my composure and was on the point of pouring another cup of tea when the same peculiar sound was repeated.

"Well," I said, "I'll find out this time what that noise is."

As I started in the direction of the bay-window, the noise came for the third time. I looked up, and the sight that I saw made me doubt my senses. Had I gone crazy, or merely become a child again with childish dreams coming true? For what do you think was there on my window-ledge? None other than old Mother Goose seated on the back of her big, white goose! Mother Goose with her high peaked hat and broom, just exactly true to her pictures!

At the sight, all of my boasted self-control left me, and while I was endeavoring to catch enough breath to admit of a scream, the old dame leaned forward and beckoned to me in the most kindly manner imaginable. In answer, I sprang forward and opened the window.

"Ah, my dear," exclaimed Mother Goose, "it certainly took you a long time to do that. I had to rap three times upon that window and I was becoming impatient. However, my dear, get your wraps and mount behind me, for I want to take you on a trip. Come on, don't keep me any longer."

"But, Mother Goose," I began.

"Now don't begin to make excuses," she interrupted, "but get your hat and wraps and I'll take you to see the members of your graduating class of nineteen-ten."

Wise old Mother Goose! She knew I could resist that trip least of any other that she might offer. I quickly turned back to the room, snatched up a pen and wrote a few lines to tell of my departure, and then putting on hat, coat, and gloves, I mounted with much trepidation behind Mother Goose on her pet steed.

"Oh, it isn't necessary to squeeze me to death," said Mother Goose, as I frantically twined my arms about her, "for this way of riding is as easy as sitting in a rocker, and not anything like as uncomfortable as those old-fashioned air-ships which are still so much in vogue at the present day."

This reassured me somewhat, but still did not nearly prepare me for the absolutely delicious sensation of goose-riding in mid-air that I experienced as we started upward on our flight. After the first amazement had passed, I became keenly alive to the facts of my queer situation, and greatly infatuated with its novelty.

Looking below, I saw the dim outlines of my little town, and as I looked these outlines gradually melted away and gave place to what seemed an endless amount of green.

"You have probably been wondering," said Mother Goose (though strange to say, such a wonder had never entered my head), "how I happen to know of you and your class-mates. However, unknown to any one, I have taken a great interest in that now world-famous college of Sweet Briar ever since it opened its doors in the early part of this century. My interest seemed to center especially in the first graduating class. Since then I have kept up with each of its members. It occurred to me the other day that I might make myself known and give one of you the benefit of one of my annual trips, so I decided to stop by for you."

"My, my," continued she, "what a remarkable career that little class of five has had! What names the members have made for themselves! I know you must be anxious to see your friends again. Only have a little patience now, and in several hours' time, I will land you safely at the home of your nearest class-mate. We will take the girls in turn as we come to them, and the first stop we will make will be at Nan Powell's."

"Why," I said, "is she still Nan Powell?"

"Indeed she is. She is one of the few women who have sense enough not to marry. But don't ask any more questions and you can find out all about Nan when you see her."

For a long time after this we rode on in silence. Gradually it began to grow dark and from far below faint lights began to twinkle. As we advanced these lights grew brighter and more numerous until they looked like myriads of fire-flies.

"Why, Mother Goose," I exclaimed, almost in awe, "what wonderful place is this we are approaching?"

"I expected such a scene to astonish you," she replied. "Why that, my child, is New York City. Don't fall off, for we are going to land in just about one minute."

Even as she was speaking, I could feel we had begun to make a gentle descent. We went down and down, and finally came to a stand-still. We had alighted, I found, on a very small balcony off from an upper window of a tall building. Mother Goose leaned over, tapped upon the window-pane and emitted a series of sounds such as she had first used to attract my attention. Several seconds passed and then I saw coming toward the window one of the familiar faces of by-gone days — Nan Powell.

When Nan raised the window I stepped in, and I leave it to you to imagine the look on her face when she recognized me. For an instant neither of us moved nor spoke, and then such greetings! We were both so excited that Nan didn't even notice Mother Goose, and in fact I was on the point of forgetting her when she called:

"I'll return for you, Eugenia, to-morrow afternoon at five o'clock. Good-bye until then."

And before I could speak she had gone.

Well, Diary, Nan and I talked and talked. We discussed and reviewed every detail of the past, and exchanged personal histories from the year nineteen-ten.

Nan, I learned, was now holding a position in Columbia University never before held by a woman. She was Professor of Philosophy.

Nan told me all about her experiences as school-teacher after finishing college, and also of how she had gained her M. A. degree, and of the years she had then spent in gaining her Ph. D. degree. She worked hard, and at last when almost despairing, she met with success. She solved her problem, viz., to

prove that the general conception concerning the Platonic Doctrine of Ideas had been universally misunderstood. Such a scholastic piece of work gained for her the chair of Philosophy at Columbia.

She was always busy, she said, and besides seeing her old friends, had no mind for anything else outside of her work.

In appearance, Nan was about the same as she was twenty years ago, except hard work had caused many gray hairs. These, however, were still arranged exactly as the brown ones had been at Sweet Briar, and, accordingly not a single one was one-thousandth of an inch from its correct position. She was still wearing glasses, only two pairs now.

The next morning was Sunday, so we spent the day very quietly. We were still talking when I heard the call that I recognized by this time as peculiar to Mother Goose. Looking out I saw that it was indeed she, so I was forced to make hurried adieux to Nan.

When I had mounted again behind Mother Goose, I told my kind benefactor of my visit and the pleasure it had given me. She seemed greatly pleased and then informed me of our next stop.

"Two of your class-mates are abroad," she said, "so we'll now go to see Annie Smith, nee Cumnock, who is living in Columbia, South Carolina. But Eugenia," she continued, "I won't be able to locate her exactly. However, if I put you on the main corner of the principal thoroughfare, I think you will find her about four o'clock."

True enough, I did find Annie there and in such a strange way. I had hardly taken my stand at the appointed spot when I heard the sound of a bass drum, a horn, and a woman's strong contralto voice. Turning, I perceived these strains came from three members of the Salvation Army, who were standing near me. I began to listen to the song the woman was singing, and as near as I can remember it, it went like this:

There was a man whose name I think
 Was B—r—o—w—n,
He talked against Prohibition and
 He voted for r—u—m.
He helped to put the poison in
 His neighbor's c—u—p,
And then he had the face to say
 He was s—a—v—e—d.

Oh it's g—l—o—r—y to know
You're s—a—v—e—d,
I'm h—a—p—p—y because
I'm f—r—double e,
I once was b—o—u—n—d
In chains of s—i—n,
But now I'm full of j—o—y
Because I'm pure within.

The words were so peculiar that they interested me greatly. I began to study the singer's face, and on the last line the truth dawned upon me that this was Annie Cumnock. Eagerly I rushed toward her. She did not recognize me until I had called my name. Then, after we had exchanged salutations, she called to the man who had been beating the drum.

He was a little man set off by a heavy suit of bright red hair.

"John, my dear," Annie said in tender tones, "this is one of my old class-mates, and this," she added, addressing me and bringing up the other member of the party, "is our dear sister Jemimy Smith."

We all shook hands and entered into quite a conversation. This was put to an end by Mr. and Mrs. Smith saying they had to move on to the next corner. They insisted heartily that I come with them and do the collecting, and afterwards accompany them home. However, from what I had heard about their strenuous work, I decided it would be best for me not to accept their invitation. So pleading previous engagements, I thanked Mr. and Mrs. Smith for their cordiality and promised to look them up again the next time I came to Columbia.

I returned to the spot where Mother Goose had put me down, and found the good old dame awaiting me. She laughed a long time over my experience, and told me not to forget the fact that I had conversed with the most famous leaders of the Salvation Army in the world.

"Prepare yourself now for a trip to England," was the next remark of Mother Goose.

"England! Why, can we go there on this goose?" I was utterly dumfounded at the thought.

"Such a speech shows that you are not very well up on modern methods of aërial traveling. My goose beats any airship that has ever been fashioned for crossing the Atlantic. Why, almost before you know it, child, we will be in the old country."

And true enough, such was the case.

I had found it best not to ask questions of Mother Goose, so we were nearly ready to land in London before she voluntarily told me what I had been dying to know.

"Do you see that big marble palace in the distance?" she inquired, pointing with her wand.

I assured her that I did and she continued:

"That is the dwelling of the Lady Algernon Reginald Up de Start Pancake. You will remember the lady as Louise Hooper."

"Why, of course," I rudely interrupted, "I was reading of her marriage when you tapped on my window. How little I dreamed I was going to see her so soon."

"I hope you won't find her very much changed," said Mother Goose, "but you know three matrimonial ventures are enough to change anybody."

After this remark I felt extremely dubious concerning the kind of welcome I would receive at the hands of Lady Pancake.

When I reached the palace grounds, it was with faltering steps I went up the long avenue to the palace itself. My fears were in no ways relieved by the endless retinue of liveried lackeys who finally admitted me into the dwelling. It was purely an accidental happening, I learned, that "milady" had no engagement for this afternoon.

I sent up my card and then wondered if Louise would deign to honor me with a glimpse of herself.

After exactly fifty-five minutes of waiting, a soft, luxurious swish as of heavy silks trailing slowly across the floor announced the fact that her ladyship was really approaching. A flood of college memories came over me, and I rose to meet Louise. But the vision that entered the room was so entirely different from what I had expected that I nearly fell into a faint from astonishment.

"Aw, Eugenia," came in slow, carefully drawled accents, "ah am so very chawmed to see you."

I caught my breath and advanced to take the outstretched hand. I don't know what answer I returned, for I was too busy looking at Louise to remember.

Instead of a dark-haired woman of forty that I had expected to see, here stood before me a blonde of the most pronounced type, dressed in a costume suitable for a girl of twenty. I tried to gather my wits together, and after quite a long while succeeded. I found that Louise showed, as much as her affected

languid style would permit, a great deal of interest in all that I had to tell her concerning her friends in America. She in turn told me of her life since nineteen hundred and ten.

I can't write all of it down, Diary, but some day, with her permission, I'm going to turn it into a book.

Sufficient to say here, Louise had just married Sir A. R. U. de S. Pancake, and seemed extremely pleased with herself for having done so.

She showed me a picture of her husband, Sir Pancake, and you will have to excuse me, Diary, while I smile. He was a funny little man of thirty years and was not over five feet five inches in height. With a monocle in one eye and the haughtiest of haughty smiles, you would have taken him for the ruler of all lands, if you had not at first taken him for an absurdity.

Louise was very hospitable and promised to give me the honor of sitting with some of the highest of English nobility if I would stay for dinner that evening, but I felt it would be too great a demand on my nerves, so I thanked her kindly, but took my departure.

"All right, if you don't like so much formal elegance, I'll take you to where things are less formal," said my kind guide when I related my story to her.

And then I knew our last destination. For the only one of my classmates that now remained to be seen was my dear former room-mate, Frances Murrell. I had kept up with her rather well. The year after graduating we had gone together to the Philippine Islands, and though I had returned home at the end of two years, Frances had remained. Three years later she had written me of her marriage with an army officer. Naturally, I was most anxious to see her again and meet her husband.

We rode on, or rather we flew on, in silence for a long time. At last the town of Manila came into sight, and not long after Mother Goose left me at Frances' home.

I couldn't help being disappointed at the sight of the house. It looked as if it had once been very comfortable and rather pretty, but now there was an air of dilapidation over the whole place. The house needed painting, many of the railings were missing from the banisters, and the appearance of the lawn was something disgraceful. There were four or five children playing around, all of them with unkempt hair and torn clothing. I tried to get the children to pay some attention to me, but as I failed utterly in this endeavor, I went up the steps and pulled the broken bell. A frowsy maid admitted me and took my card.

A minute more and I knew this was really Frances' home. For a light step came running down the stairs, and from its buoyancy I knew Frances was glad I had come. I was not wrong in this surmise. Frances was as glad to see me as I was to see her, and we were soon talking as we had done twenty years ago.

I couldn't account for the untidiness of the place until Frances told me that she and her husband, Captain More, who was an army officer in the engineering division, were both vitally interested at the present in compiling a book on higher mathmatics!

Of course, this explained the appearance of children and house. I had a wild desire to express my views then and there on the subject, but, fortunately, I controlled my tongue.

Not long after, Captain More came in and I liked him very much, even though he was dreadfully serious looking. However, he was as gracious as Frances herself, and I was delighted when Mother Goose said she would wait for me to pay them a visit.

This visit was so very pleasant that at the end of ten days, when Mother Goose came for me, she almost had to tear me away.

And now, you see, Diary, I have returned and am pouring into your sympathetic ear the story of my wonderful journey.

As for dear old Mother Goose, I can never thank her enough for her kindness to me. I verily believe, though, that her generous nature felt rewarded in seeing the pleasure she had given.

And now, Diary, I want to tell you a secret. This trip had a more far-reaching effect on me than ever Mother Goose could have anticipated. It made me satisfied and content with my own lot, even if I am the only non-illustrious member of old Naught-Ten. And, furthermore, it made me realize that true happiness is of far more value than fame, and such happiness is to be found most often at one's own hearthside.

PROPHET.



Senatus Academicus

Universitatis VIRIDIS-MONTIS,

Omnibus has Literas perlecturis,

Salutem in Domino,

Notum sit quod Dominum ELIJAH-FLETCHER

titulo eruditionis ARTIUM LIBERALIUM BACCALAU

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Reverendis admiserunt atque ei dederunt potestatem

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perfruendi ubique gentium ad eundem gradum pertinentia

Quas In cujus rei testimonium literis hisce publicum UNIVERSITATIS sigillum atque PRAESIDIS autographum apponuntur. Datum ex Aedibus Academicis Burlingtonie die Augusti decimo quinto; anno salutis millesimo octingentesimo et decimo; anno que Reipublicae Americanae tricesimo quinto.

Daniel Sanders, Praeses.

Carolus Adams Jos. Tarbell Secr.

It is interesting to note that the diploma of the University of Vermont was presented to Mr. Elijah Fletcher, one of the founders of our college, in the year 1810, just one hundred years before the first class will graduate from the college which he made possible. A facsimile of his diploma will be presented to this class.



SWEET BRIAR

1909 JUNIORS 1910



Junior Class

Junior Class

Colors: Green and White Flower: Mountain Laurel

Motto: Fide et fiducia

Yell: Vive la! Vive la! Vive la! Say!
Who are we! Rah, Rah, Ray!
Hee-ro! Hee-ro! Hee-ro! Hi!
Nineteen Eleven Do or Die!

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Junior History

Preface

THE writer in preparing this volume has kept constantly in mind a two-fold purpose; namely, to give to the world in an interesting, yet brief, form the origin, development, and purpose of the remarkable Class of 1911, and to place in the hands of all Freshmen and prospective Freshmen the story of a Class whose deeds are worthy of their admiration and imitation.

If, therefore, this volume should prove of interest to the reader and at the same time serve to some extent in piloting beginners of those four perilous years into the peaceful haven of Seniorship, the author will feel that her task has not been in vain. J. H.

Sweet Briar College.

Volume I

In studying the history of all college classes, one finds that each class in its development follows certain general laws. For example, each begins as the Freshman Class, turbulent, restless, irrepressible, and depending upon both its physical strength and superiority in numbers, but ends as a Senior Class, dark-robed, calm, and fully conscious of its mental prowess.

Between these two periods of turbulence and calm there are two other periods, however, through which every class must pass in its life history, one is a period of conceit, of glorying over its inferiors and of rebellion against its superiors—this the period characterized by the dreaded word Sophomore. The other is a stage of irresponsibility—a time when the Class is pleasure loving, happy-go-lucky, and utterly unreliable—at any rate from a Senior's standpoint.

These, then, are the natural laws governing the life of every class which survives the struggle for existence and departs from the field of action well armed in diplomas, degrees, and a four years' experience of college life.

The Class of 1911 is remarkable in that it has not followed these usual laws of growth, for in the first place, this noteworthy class did not experience that first year of Freshman turbulence. Very wisely it omitted this trying part of its life and existed as six separate individuals a whole year until, stimulated by some unknown force, these six students the following year organized themselves into the Sophomore Class.

But there was never any of the Sophomore spirit displayed by this class—another diversion from the general rule—for this was a class which, though conscious of its true greatness, was not prone to flaunt its merits in the breeze.

It is true that it chose for its flower the mountain laurel, yet no more appropriate flower could have been selected, for was not this Sophomore Class the first to plant its standards of green and white upon the two corners of the Academic Building and upon the Refectory where they waved triumphantly until the jealous Freshmen cut them down? And did these brave six fear to enter an assemblage of fifteen Freshmen, even during the quiet hour? So numerous are the achievements of this class that to relate them would weary the brain.

Wise was this class also, for instead of strengthening its band with petticoat power, its members armed themselves for any event with the skill and wisdom of a minister and a lawyer. However dangerous an undertaking in the future may be, with such honorary members they realized that all would go well with them. But more than wise and more than great, this class was renowned—so greatly renowned that four sister classmates from a distant college came to see for themselves the wonder of its deeds, and these four Sophomores returned, as the Queen of Sheba did, feeling that the half had not been told them.

Now, my reader, I must not dwell too long upon this important period of this remarkable class, I must tell you of its Junior stage. Here, again, we find that this class leaves the usual course, for these Juniors cannot be called irresponsible. On the other hand, so dignified, so earnest, so reliable are they that even the boisterous Freshmen were not ashamed to be taken by them to the baby party which these Juniors had prepared for their baby class. The Sophomores fear to trespass upon the rights of this young class with the Juniors or its guardians. Even the reserved Seniors respect this class and depend upon its members for words of wisdom. Lucky it is for the Seniors that their sojourn at Sweet Briar is now drawing to a close, for who knows but that the Juniors, if given another year, might so outshine the former class that its glory would be decidedly dimmed.

Indeed, the historian must not indulge to too great an extent in suppositions, yet she cannot refrain from stating that this class will go out from Sweet Briar in June of the year 1911 with a record which will not only startle all who hear of it, but make for itself a permanent and prominent place in the history of the world!

For the benefit of my reader, I will add that an account of these deeds will appear in Volume II of the history of this class in the late spring of the year 1911.

HISTORIAN.


1912



Sophomore Class

Sophomore Class

Colors: Gold and White Flower: Daffodil

Motto: Scande in culmen

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Sophomore History

SOON after the beginning of the school year 1908-09, fifteen girls at Sweet Briar College discovered that they were no longer unattached individuals, but had become that corporate body henceforth known as the Class of 1912. In the joy of this discovery, far from that timidity and shrinking from public notice, which is the traditional manner of the Freshmen, we burned to impress upon every mind the fact that we gloried in our low estate. After much deliberation it was decided that the information should be conveyed by means of that fresh and tender color that has ever been symbolic of the youngest class. So at the appointed dinner time the members of the class, clad in flowing academic robes of bright green with caps to match and carrying their future diplomas tied with green, marched into the Refectory.

From the first we had instinctively felt that we had enemies in the College—the Sophomores. We found by later events that we were not mistaken. For in the midst of a class meeting, when interest in discussion had relaxed our vigilance, the Sophomores with a sudden rush attacked the door, and, in spite of determined resistance, broke into the room. At the moment we did not retaliate, but patiently awaited an opportunity for revenge.

Evidently, however, the Sophomores had not finished playing their hand. On rising one morning, we saw flying on each corner of the Academic Building and on the roof of the Refectory, large banners of green and white flaunting in the breeze the name of Sophomore. We knew that we must tear those banners down or die in the attempt. With no thought of danger, two from our number, with a third to guard the foot of the ladder, climbed to the roof of the Academic Building and cut down the hateful flags. But a greater task lay before them. The banner on the Refectory was still unconquered, and to approach it, they must walk along the ridge pole of the sharp roof. But the same undaunted heroines climbed out to the banner, and as the rest of the college came into the Refectory for lunch they were seen astride the ridge-pole chopping at the flag. It was soon down, and, with the two from the Academic Building, was burned, after a joyful procession around the campus. The next morning a notice on the bulletin board requested us "to confine our activities to places not more than ten feet above the ground." A truce was declared, and we rested in peace on

our laurels, with the satisfaction of feeling that we had made our mark in the history of the College.

The last celebration of our Freshman year was the reading of our will. We made the future Freshmen heirs to our green caps and gowns, and gave over to their tender care our class roses which had been given us by a friend.

When the Class of 1912 assembled in the fall as Sophomores, we found our number sadly diminished to six. However, we assumed the responsibilities of our elevated station, and determined to instruct the youth and inexperience of the twenty-six Freshmen. How much success crowned our efforts may be learned from them.

Lately the realization that we will be Juniors next year has come upon us, and we have carried our endeavors into more serious fields of action. Our class has won the first series of debates this year. We figure in Y. W. C. A., in Student Government, and on the magazine staff. We share with the Seniors the honor of the basket-ball championship, and last year our class representative for Field Day came out with next to the highest number of points.

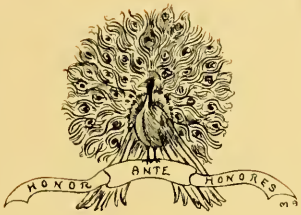
Next year we will be Juniors and our behavior will be staid and dignified. Last year we were Freshmen and we were young and verdant. But the Sophomore is a thing apart, free from either newness or responsibility, and her lot is joy.

MARY PINKERTON,
Historian.


Sophomore
FRESHMAN



Freshman Class



Class of 1913

Colors: Peacock Blue and Green Class Bird: Peacock

Motto: Honor ante honores

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Pilgrim Freshman's Progress

BREATHLESS and exhausted she had reached what she considered the pinnacle of the mountain range Knowledge, which pinnacle she had gained by the winding, rocky path Preparatory School. The struggling climb had left its marks in the furrows on her fair, white brow. From her eyes came a strained, expectant gaze, but on her parted lips was a triumphant smile as she looked proudly below on the path she had recently traveled. From her shoulders seemed to have fallen the cumbersome load of Latin Prose Comp (and), English Themes, and Geometry Theorems. High was held her head and her heart sang out, "I have conquered, what a wise girl am I!!" and with a deep sigh of satisfaction she sank on the ground to rest.

Ere long, however, there appeared before her, as if by some magic, the tall and stately form of a woman clad in a black and flowing gown; on her head was a four-cornered hat, and in one hand she carried a ribbon-tied scroll, and in the other a lamp of knowledge. The majestic lady looked down with pitying eyes and spoke in a rich, low voice, saying, "I am the learned Mother, Sweet Briar. Come, poor deluded child; the steep height you think you have scaled is but a mole hill, behold, the real mountain is before you! Make haste! Take up your burden and follow me!"

Startled and dazed Freshman, for 'tis she whom the stately dame addressed, jumped to her feet, shook herself and said, "I must have been dreaming; surely I have reached the summit of Mount Knowledge, how can there be any more for me to know!!" But alas! she soon perceived 'twas no dream; for there beside her lay a pack by far larger and heavier than the one she had formerly carried, and, woe of woes! from it on all sides bulged out the wicked, deformed faces of Latin Prose Comp and English Themes—those despised, but nevertheless faithful, ever-present companions. Before her rose an almost precipitous cliff which towered up, up, up until lost in the clouds. The face of the cliff was seamed by a path winding, rough, and perilous, and above on a ledge stood the commanding figure of the Lady of the Scroll and Lamp. She beckoned and pointed above.

Some voice within Freshman seemed to say, "Yours not to reason why, yours but to start and try." Now our traveler was a dauntless miss, with determined face she lifted the ponderous pack to her shoulders, strapped it tight, and

with one withering look on the path below she turned her face and steps toward the beckoning hand. Those first stretches of the ascent were hard, oh, so hard! and the path so strewn with sharp stones and so beset with briars that oft Freshman thought turn back she must. To add to her miseries beside the path and reaching far out grew the thorny bush Uncongenial Roommate, whose stickers and rough branches scratched and wounded poor Freshman when she attempted to pluck its seemingly beautiful blooms. Oft the path divided, oft she lost her way in the labyrinths called Student Government in which the road for a time would seem to lead on easily and delightfully then suddenly a high impenetrable wall would loom up on each of whose bricks was inscribed the four letters D O N'T. Here Freshman, forced to turn back, would try another road, which in many cases she would find ended in the same uncomfortably abrupt manner.

Thus she was toiling slowly step by step when suddenly she noticed ahead of her a sister traveler. "Oh," thought Freshman, "how much easier a companion will make this hard climb!" Now this other traveler's name was Sopho (short for Sophia) More. Alas, Sophia, as Freshman soon found, was not of the sweetest disposition; for whenever she looked down and saw our poor, struggling climber she shricked horrid, cruel things and once she went so far as to hurl a stone (pitcher) upon which Freshman, the dauntless, brave, and valiant loosed from the soil a huge, round boulder (bowl) and hastily hurled it back. Oh, how Sophia quaked as she dodged this missile! She trembled in her very boots for fear and was ever after a docile harmless creature, at times quite companionable.

After this small but brilliant engagement the ascent seemed a bit easier, and but for the load that galled at times Freshman would have been quite happy. Soon she met another traveler, a sweet-faced, sympathetic maiden, who said her name was Junior, and her words were a balm to Freshman's wounded spirits. Sweet Junior took Freshman by the hand and said, "Come, tired child, to the land of Babyhood, a land of sugared cakes and Teddy Bears! Lay by the cares of this every-day climb, and frolic, gamble once more!" 'Tis needless to say Freshman joyfully went, and returned greatly refreshed and invigorated.

The trail our weary traveler now followed ran around the mountain to a bit of level open field and a deep sigh of relief escaped from the depths of her heart as she trod on the soft turf. But no!—such peace could not last long—'twas a deceptive field of bog, mire and quicksand, and soon Freshman found

herself ankle deep in the slough called Mid Year's. At first she tried to retrace her steps, but at every step she sank deeper and deeper. She looked forward, Sophia More, sweet-faced Junior and reverend Senior were all faced toward the farther side. Said Freshman, "I must follow," so with gritting teeth and stumbling feet she turned and struggled ahead. Never before had the load been so heavy, never before had its little demons been so pestiferous. "O misery, why did I come?" "Would that I were dead," such were the pitiful cries uttered by Freshman as she strained and battled. Finally summoning all her strength, with one last valiant effort she reached the farther shore. And the last time I saw her she, dripping and exhausted, was disconsolately contemplating the endless path that again lead up a precipitate mountainside.

Eugenia M. Buffington,
Historian.



M. G.

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L. Wilson



F. Matson



V. Etheridge



C. Dickinson

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'Gainst the rose, and 'gainst the green,
Let all give way,
Across the campus,
Laughing all and gay,
We come, we come, we come,
We come to join our jolly comrades,
On to victory,
Cheer for our college,
For S. B. C.


S.B.C.
M.L.C.
Athletics.

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M. Parker



A. Booth



M. Tyler



H. Lamfrom

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Boat Club

Boat Club

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EVA HORNER
JULIA HUFF
EDITH HYSLOP
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LOU EMMA McWHORTER
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KATHERINE QUINBY
NELLE REDDISH
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BERNICE RICHARDSON
FRANCES RICHARDSON
EVELYN RIGNEY
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MARY TANDY
NELL TANDY
MAYO THACH
EMMY THOMAS
MARTHA TILLMAN
MARY TYLER
HENRIETTA WASHBURN
MERTIE WATSON
REBECCA WHITE
LOULIE WILSON
ELEANOR WINGFIELD
EDITH WOODSON
LINDA WRIGHT
ELSIE ZAEGEL



Tennis Club

Tennis Club

OFFICERS

FRANCES P. MURRELL Head
FRANCES RICHARDSON Treasurer

MEMBERS

GRACE CARROLL
CLYTIE CARROLL
LUCY CHENEY
MARY CLARK
EMMA CLYDE
MARGARET COBB
ELIZABETH COCKE
FLORENCE COFFIN
MARGARET COLEMAN
SARAH COOPER
ESTHER CORNWALL
ISABEL CORNWALL
KATHLEEN COWGILL
CLYDE CRANFORD
ANNIE CUMNOCK
ELIZABETH CRAVEN
MARY LOU COBB
MARGARET DALTON
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HELEN DIXON
RUTH DREW
ALICE DUKES
HENRIANNE EARLY
LOURINE EIKENBERRY
VIRGINIA ELY
VIRGINIA ETHERIDGE
ELIZABETH FRANKE
ELEANOR FURMAN
LOUISE GLASS
BESSIE GRAMMER
ELIZABETH GREEN
EUGENIA GRIFFIN
MARY GROOVER
RUTH HANCOCK
SUE HARDIE
MILDRED HARRIS
ELLEN HAYES
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NELL REDDISH
MAGGIE RIBBLE
BERNICE RICHARDSON
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IDA ROSS
CAMMIE RODMAN
MARGUERITE SHAFER
ETHEL SHOOP
LUCY SIMS
JEAN STAPLES
FRANCES SUMMERS
DOROTHY SWAN
REBA STEPHENSON
MARY CLIFTON TABB
MARY TANDY
NELL TANDY
MARTHA TILLMAN
MAYO THACH
EMMY THOMAS
MARY TYLER
LOULIE WILSON
ELEANOR WINGFIELD
REBECCA WHITE
LINDA WRIGHT
SEA WILLOW WARD
ELSIE ZAEGEL



Senior-Sophomore Basket-Ball Team

Senior-Sophomore Team

ANNIE W. CUMNOCK.....Captain
ELSIE ZAEGEL.....Business Manager
FRANCES P. MURRELL, ELSIE ZAEGEL.....Goals
ANNIE M. POWELL, LOUISE M. HOOPER.....Centers
ANNIE W. CUMNOCK, EUGENIA W. GRIFFIN.....Guards
LOULIE WILSON, FRANCES MATSON.....Substitutes



Junior-Freshman Basket-Ball Team

Junior-Freshman Team

MARY TYLER Captain
MARY V. PARKER Business Manager
JENNIE HURT, MAYO THACH Goals
MARY V. PARKER, MARGARET DALTON Centers
MARY TYLER, SUE HARDIE Guards
BESSIE GRAMMER, ESTHER CORNWALL Substitutes



Sub-Special Basket-Ball Team

Sub-Special Team

OFFICERS

C. LUCELIA McCLAIN Captain
KATHLEEN COWGILL Business Manager
ELLEN HAYES, IDA ROSS Goals
KATHLEEN COWGILL, MARGARET DUVALL Centers
C. LUCELIA McCLAIN, ISABEL CORNWALL Guards

SUBSTITUTES

EMMY THOMAS
DOROTHY BANCROFT
ADDIE ERWIN
MARY C. TABB
ELIZABETH CRAVEN

Fall Championship Games

WHEN it was decided that a series of Basket-Ball games would be played among the three teams the practice, which had been going on steadily all the fall, became even more strenuous than before. Each team, determined to win the much-desired championship, added a vim and vigor to their practice which aroused an increased spirit of friendly rivalry throughout the entire school.

Accordingly, when the time arrived for the first game in the series, which was between the Junior-Freshmen Team and the Sub-Special Team, the excitement was at fever heat. In the midst of much cheering for both sides the whistle was blown, which brought a sudden hush over the whole crowd, and the ball was tossed. Keen eyes followed the erratic sphere as it passed rapidly from hand to hand in very cleverly worked-out passes. Many brilliant plays were made on both sides. However, the Sub-Special Team by their superior team work got the upper hand of their opponents and the game ended with a score 13 to 8 in their favor.

The next game aroused even more enthusiasm, because this one was to decide definitely the championship for 1909. Before the game was called the excitement among the onlookers was intense. Many favored the Sub-Special Team, giving vent to their enthusiasm in Indian-like fashion. Many were equally as desirous of victory for the Senior-Sophomore Team, and so gave abundant evidence of their feelings in similar style. Amidst a quiet which was only broken by the spirited cheers of the respective adherents the ball was tossed again. It fell into the hands of the Senior-Sophomores and soon demoniacal yelling followed a score. As each goal was made both teams seemed to become more and more in earnest, each determining that the next goal should be theirs. So the game progressed and with its progress skill and agility were exhibited in plays that made the hills resound with yells.

Unfortunately, near the end of the game the Sub-Special Team suffered quite a loss when one of their guards was injured. However, in spite of this handicap and a score already very much against them they kept up courage and fought bravely until the end of the second half when the score was announced 11 to 5 in favor of the Senior-Sophomore Team. At this announcement the intense feeling burst into paroxysms of joy, and the 1909 champions made a triumphal march from the field of battle.

Field Day

IN Field Day of 1909, the first at Sweet Briar, we feel that athletics scored the great point for which it had been striving during its whole three years' history. The girls at Sweet Briar have always, since the very first year of the College, had an intense interest in athletics, which is quite natural when we consider the almost wonderful advantages which we possess to promote our interest in this respect. Our campus stretches as far as the eye can reach in every direction, providing generously suitable spots for every particular sport. Near the Academic Building, shaded by Cherry Tree Row, are the Tennis Courts; at a little greater distance down the road, beyond the Windbrake, is the Basket-Ball Field; on the farther side of the Administration Building, the Hockey Field, and beyond this lies the lake. It would be strange indeed if we were *not* enthusiastic over the advantages which are in our possession to make athletics one of the chief interests at Sweet Briar.

Thus it was that last year was such an important one in our eyes, because it marked the first real recognition of what has been achieved at Sweet Briar in the way of athletics. The chief features of the day were as follows:

In the morning there was a Basket-Ball game between the College and Sub-Freshman Teams, the Sub Team coming out victorious, despite the noble resistance on the part of the College, with a score of 14 to 4.

In the afternoon, beginning at three o'clock, the contest reopened with the High Jump. Here Ellen Hayes easily won first place with a record of 3 feet 9 inches.

Next in order was the Standing Broad Jump in which Loulie Wilson won first place with a record of 6 feet 4½ inches.

After this followed the Hop, Step and Jump, in which Loulie Wilson was again the successful contestant with a record of 23 feet 5 inches.

In the remaining contests Ellen Hayes won first place, in the Running Broad Jump with 11 feet 4 inches, in Hurdles and in Hundred-Yard Dash with a record of 15 seconds.

Thus when the day closed the presentation of the loving cup to Ellen Hayes, the champion of 1909, marked the point toward which athletics had been striving.

Fairies

Roll back, roll back, ye vapory mists,
 From the vales which now you clothe,
And show me the dell where the fairies dwell,
 And the elves and trolls repose.
Where night by night, by the moonbeam bright,
They clatter and dance with delight.
And day by day at the dawn's first ray
They scamper and vanish away.

Show me the place where the rivulet flows
 Over rock, over sand, and through dell;
Where the elf doth float yellow-leaf boat
 Round the coves he so loves so well.
And night by night by his fire-fly light
He steers and rows with his might,
While day by day he moors, so they say,
In some dark subterranean bay.

Show me the place where the moss-carpet lies
 So soft, so cool and so green;
Where round and round as the valleys resound
 They chant the praise of their queen.
Where night by night with their fairy-feet white
They dance fairy dances so light.
And day by day the long slanting ray
Hunts in vain for some mischievous fay.

JENNIE HURT, 1911.



COLLEGE PUBLICATIONS



MAGAZINE STAFF

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Dietrick's Best Deal

DIETRICK CAMERON walked slowly along the red turnpike, which ran past the mansion of the Honorable Peter Hollowhan, and on three miles further to the Tavern of the Three Boars at the crossroads. It could be easily seen, even by a casual observer, that Dietrick was in the toils of deep and troublesome thought, for he stared straight at the muddy Virginia road as he trudged along, knitting his brows in a most portentous fashion. It was certainly not the mud puddles in the road which were troubling him, for it was his usual custom to walk straight through them with the supreme indifference which belongs to the wearers of high boots, whistling as he went. But to-day it was evidently not the same Dietrick.

As usual though when he came along this road he was even now returning from the home of little Mistress Polly Hollowhan. For, as "wielder of the pedagogic grindstone," Dietrick spent each morning a very short three hours at the home of this young woman, who was possessed of the brightest and blackest eyes, the most witching smile, and the most bewildering mass of curls upon her daintily poised head, it was said, in the countryside. The fact was that Dietrick, and it was certainly through no particular fault of his own, had lost his big Scotch heart to the little maid. Just at this moment, however, the question was revolving itself in his mind as to which Miss Polly hated most—himself or the Commercial Arithmetic, which he administered daily. And he had an awful fear in his mind at this moment that the greater share would certainly not be to the Commercial Arithmetic! He, of course, did not blame her for her choice in the matter, for the simple reason that he could not blame her for anything. But it did seem strange that she should be so entirely untouched by every manly virtue which he displayed. Was he not a Scotchman of the very best clan in the old country, strong, and maybe not so handsome as that winsome Will Longly—but handsome enough for any man! Did he not own as much land and more than her father and brother at this moment? Yes, he knew how to make his money and keep it too. Had he not looked to his affairs well, lending money saved from the practice of his profession, even when he had first come to Virginia, to the players at the Tavern—and then receiving his own again with interest! And not only that, he had gotten a number of mortgages besides, and by handling them in his own particular

way, had gotten into his hands some of the best land in Southampton. But she, the little minx, appeared to have absolutely no more regard for his money than she did for him. Hadn't she just told him of her intention *never* to marry, and that she had already started her collection of cats and parrots in order, when she arrived at the awful age of twenty, to be able to set up a model old maid establishment. She had even said that she did not care for men, except of course her father and David. And she had added many more such things. Poor Dietrick!

At last he arrived at the crossroads and entering the courtyard of the Tavern accosted with assumed cheerfulness the driver of the lumbering old stage coach, who stood there impatiently cracking his whip and calling out for the passengers.

Then passing on he entered the public room beyond. It was rather dark, but very cheerful within on this dreary afternoon, lighted, as it was, only by the bright fire crackling in the huge chimney, while the pewter and brass on the high mantelshelf and the mugs hanging from it shone dimly.

Several men lounged about the fire, glasses in their hands, all very comfortable and very jovial.

"Hello, Dietrick," called one, "can't you come and have a glass, and meantime tell us which you find harder—the lady's head or heart?"

For Dietrick's affairs were nothing if not common property, and there was many a jest as to the reason he had not long ago deserted his profession when he had become a man of some property. With a ready wit he turned to answer the laugh at his expense, when he heard his name called from the other end of the room. Turning he encountered a young fellow who had just risen from a table about which sat or stood in various positions several other men, among them a stranger whom Dietrick had never seen before. He heard the clink of dice and a low exclamation from the stranger leaning over the table. As the young man came nearer Dietrick recognized him as David Hollowhan. He was an attractive young fellow, little more than a boy, but whose winning smile and frank manners had drawn Dietrick to him. He could see now, however, that he was in trouble of some kind. Coming close to Dietrick he drew him apart from the rest of the room. Lowering his voice almost to a whisper he said:

"Can you lend me £40, Mr. Cameron, for the stranger you see over there has just now fleeced me. But *now* I think I see a turn of luck, and with a small sum like that I can repay him in kind ere he leaves!"

"He must needs be a royal player indeed, if he has done as you say, David. I should like full well to see you repay him in kind! Take the moneys, lad, and all I ask is some little security."

"Yes, I will give you either security you like—my allowance will be due soon, and besides you know I have some lands of my own. How would a mortgage do?"

"Finely, my lad, and just you sign this and we will see the notary on the morrow," replied Dietrick.

"I wager that will be an easy matter, and only let come forth from your good wallet the money of which we talk, and we will arrange the papers in the twinkle of an eye."

Leaning against the window David signed quickly the paper which Dietrick had drawn from his pocket. Handing it to him, he said:

"Ninety days, you say? Yes, that's quite long enough and my allowance will be due long ere that time falls, tra la, friend."

He left Dietrick gaily, joining his companions again at the table. As Dietrick passed over to light his pipe at the fire he thought he heard an evil laugh from the stranger as he pocketed the first heap of poor David's money. But he himself was quite safe. Why should he worry?—the boy's father was worth many pounds and he would help him out. He possibly wouldn't even have a chance to redeem the mortgage.

.

It was three months later. In fact, to be accurate, it was the very first day of the glorious month of June. Mistress Polly had been flitting about the rose-filled garden, looking so very like a dainty little butterfly as she skipped from flower to flower, that she was only to be distinguished by the tiny blue spot of her sunbonnet among the white and pink and yellow of the roses.

She had been secretly wondering *why*, on such a wonderful day as this, her father was so cruel as to be willing for her to be persecuted, *tortured* by that horrid Mr. Cameron in the schoolroom. She was sure she must know pretty nearly everything *he* did now anyway. For surely she could do all the sums in long division, fractions, and interest—knew at least half the words in the *Blue Back*, and—but *why* didn't he come *to-day* she wondered? *He* was the one who was playing truant *this* time. It must be terribly late—she wondered why he stayed away. She had been so horrid yesterday, she knew, and now she became quite sorry when she thought of it. Her father had always

said he was such a fine business man, and with a greater allowance of sense than men generally possessed at his age. Never mind, she would be as kind as possible when he came again.

But *suppose* he should *not* come! for a little fear was beginning to creep into her heart that he had really meant it when he had said yesterday that he could not love her, and be near her, and be loved not one whit in return, for that he could not bear. But she *did* love him, her heart told her that she did despite her cruel words. But he was so different from all the other men she had ever known, so masterful! Who had ever heard of a man *demanding* a girl's love instead of pleading for it! It was quite evident, as he had said, that he had had no experience in such matters. She laughed softly even now as she thought of the funny way in which he had said, "Mistress Polly, I love you and I shall now deem it a great honor that you marry me." What girl, she wondered, would not have laughed at such an awkward suitor? Oh, but *why* had she laughed—here she had made herself miserable for life! And at this thought she dropped down by the walk on the grass between the overhanging rose bushes and buried her pretty head in her arms, otherwise filled with roses.

Thus it was that Dietrick found her when he came down the walk a few moments later. At the sight of the little maid sitting there in such dejection, and with such sobs shaking her that she had not even heard his step, who can say what consternation, what manly compassion in turn filled his heart? Who could blame him for what he did? He even forgot himself so entirely that he sat down on the grass by her and, taking her little hands in to his own great ones, he whispered:

"Polly, my love, was it because you feared I would not come that you were weeping?" His voice grew gentle as he said the words.

But Polly no sooner heard them and perceived that he thought she cared the least scrap in the world whether he came or not than she immediately sat bolt upright, drew her hand away and said:

"Mr. Cameron, I hope you do not think that a woman of my age would cry over such a trifle as *your* not coming! No indeed—of course that wasn't what I was thinking of when you came upon me so suddenly just now."

Her quick wits came to her rescue just here—

"I was only thinking of poor David."

"Oh, you were," said Dietrick disappointedly.

"Yes, I was wondering how I could get father to be kinder to him. You know, Mr. Cameron, Davie is a dear lad and only wants some one to understand

him and help him and he is as gentle as—as my brindle cow, that you see over there, in the river pasture, all by herself. You've never been down to see 'Clover' have you, Mr. Cameron? Well, just wait and some day David and I will take you, for I call her half Davie's anyway. You see that part of the estate is David's, just as that beyond is mine when I am a grown up woman, for it belonged to our uncle, and he left it to us. But when Davie got to be a whole twenty-one, two years ago, he gave me that bit of pasture land over there for 'Clover' to graze on—so of course since then she is the finest cow on the farm."

"That piece of land on the river, you say?" echoed Dietrick.

"Yes, wasn't it *too* good of him," she replied.

"But that's the land he gave me a mortgage on three months ago this very day," said Dietrick.

"Oh, poor David, but of course he can have it back and 'Clover' can go elsewhere to graze. For certainly Davie must pay his debts. And only yesterday father grew angry with him and I heard him tell him that he would let him have no more money and when next he ran himself into debt he could extricate himself as best he might."

"The time is out this very day," said Dietrick practically.

"Oh, yes, of course, and I'm sure 'Clover' won't mind going in with the rest of the cows," rejoined Polly bravely.

Then there came a little pause while Dietrick sat staring grimly into the distance, and Polly looking sadly at the toes of her little slippers which peeped up from the grass. Then he relented. How could he have been such a beast he wondered, as he glanced down at her and saw just the tiniest suggestion of a tear which she hastily brushed away in hope that he had not seen? But she was too late he had seen, which was betokened by the lowering of his deep voice and the tenderness with which he said:

"Polly, why do you so wish to make me love you, only to cast me off, only to break my heart? For you know it, my love, my darling, that I love you better than life! You know that I do not wish your bit of land—but it is *you, you* for whom my heart yearns, though I cannot tell it you in just the way women folk like best. But you—*you* do not love me one-half so well as that silly brindle cow! And do you know yesterday you even told me——"

"What, Dietrick?"

"That you even *hated* me!"

"But I don't."

"What? You don't?" questioned Dietrick eagerly.

"No, I've changed my mind," replied Polly very gravely.

"And you think you might love me the least bit? My own Polly, how happy you make me!"

"Even more than that," replied Polly cheerfully.

.

A little while afterwards as they strolled slowly down the walk toward the house Dietrick might have been seen to draw from his pocket a small scrap of paper and tear it to small bits, which he carefully threw among Polly's roses.

"So be it," said he to himself, "but what man would not be in my boots!"

.

And the brindle cow grazed on and on in her river pasture, and never heard of the slightest change of ownership—for Dietrick always was a good business man.

Louise M. Hooper, 1910.

The Shadow-Child

FOR a long time I had heard, on the far side of the hedge, a scraping among the dead leaves, and in the pauses a child's voice singing wordless songs. The singer, I thought, must be the gardener who had tied up the ragged cosmos flowers that yesterday had sprawled over the ground in the box-circle where I sat. At the thought, I saw it was true, for a child came through the opening in the hedge, brushing the leaf-mould from her short skirts and pushing back long curls from a high forehead, and blue eyes set far apart. She sat on the ground beside the crumpled flowers and began to smooth the pink petals through her earth-stained fingers.

"Do you live here?" I asked, for I had thought the house empty and its owners dead. The child quickly raised her face with a faint surprise in her wide eyes. She looked down the green box-walk, through the dark yew-tree arch at the closed shutters of the house beyond, before she answered—

"Yes."

"Do you allow people to go through the house?" I went on.

"Yes; let me show it to you," she smiled, almost eagerly.

The child ran before me down the walk, where she waited on the porch, beside the door which was half-opened on a dark, cool hall. We went in and started up the white-railed stairs, but on the lowest step she checked me.

"Somebody told me once," she began shyly, "that a little girl lived here a long time ago—a little girl who died. Let's pretend I am that little girl, and you are visiting me in this house?"

As I preceded her up the stairway—

"Remember," she laughed, "that you've just come in your old coach, and it's waiting for you now by the turn in the hedge. Can't you hear the horses stamping?"

We waited in the dim silence of the upper hall until I fancied I heard hoofs pawing the hard clay road. I could see nothing in the gloom, but the child found a door-knob beside me. We entered the room, where I waited in the darkness while the child ran to open the shutters.

"This," she began, as I stood dazzled by the sudden rush of sunlight, "is the best bedroom."

As my eyes grew accustomed to the light I saw a tall four-poster with flowered curtains. There was fresh matting on the floor and pink cosmos flowers in a glass jar.

"Do you like it?" she asked eagerly. "Now we'll go to my room."

We went down the stairs, past a tall gilt mirror, and paused at a half-open door.

"This is the library, but we can't go in. Papa's in there writing."

We tiptoed hastily by, but I turned my head and through the crack saw a man's shoulder bent over a table.

"Was this the little girl's?" I asked as we went into the dark, close-shut room.

"Yes," said the child softly. "But you're forgetting. It's my room and my desk and my flowers in the windows." As she spoke heavy furniture stood out dimly among the shadows, and the light in the square panes came through green leaves and pink transparent petals of flowers. The child called me to the bed and I saw that it was heaped with little piles of linen and silk and satin, folded and uncut.

"These were hers," she said gently.

"The other little girl's? She had a great many lovely things."

"Yes," the child replied slowly, "but I think she would rather have had some other children to play with."

I had forgotten our game in thinking of the other girl, who would have been almost an old woman now if she had lived. I looked across at the child, who stood on the other side of the bed, folding a piece of pink-sprigged lawn. She looked up with a little start when I said—

"Shall we go on?"

"Oh, yes," she smiled; "I'll show you my harp."

I followed her through the hall again into a room of dim furniture wrapped in linen covers. She lifted a corner of one to show me the bright brocade beneath. A great square piano filled one angle of the room, and beside it the gold harp frame showed through its worn green cover. The child patted the torn case.

"Do you play on it much?" I asked.

"I did. I mean I haven't practiced much, and some of the strings are broken. Come over here and I'll show you the Japanese cabinet."

She started across the room and I turned to follow her, but stopped to look again at a picture that I had seen first only as the vague outline of a face.

It grew clear now as the portrait of a child—a little girl with long, quaint curls and a gentle face. I looked from it to the child coming back from the cabinet. A little wind banged the shutter to, and in the sudden twilight that it made I could see her only as a shadow among the shadows.

"Is that the picture of the little girl——?" I began, and stopped.

"That died," finished the child, "and that you didn't know in the garden, and everybody else that comes here knows! So when I saw you didn't I thought I'd pretend I was real." She looked wistfully around the room in which she had been real.

We walked silently back to where the door we had entered opened on the sunlight. Outside under the yew-tree arch the child looked back once before she was lost among the boxwood. Behind me the door swung open on a bare and empty room.

The Minuet

Slippered feet that lightly go,
Graceful bow and curtsy low,
On the measure stately, slow,
Of the minuet.

Falling scarf and flutt'ring lace
Float and fly with airy grace
On the tripping, even pace
Of the minuet.

Merry hearts that gayly beat
To the tune of dancing feet,
Moving through the music sweet
Of the minuet.

Grace of days that now are dead,
Charm of hours that long since fled,
Come again in stately tread
Of the minuet.

Mary Pinkerton, 1912.

The Turning of the Stream

PATRICIA was in a quandary; one could easily tell that: the little pucker in her forehead was entirely out of keeping with her usual happy expression.

It was a beautiful morning in late fall. "Highgate" had never looked prettier. The long driveway bordered with tall oaks, the squirrels playing among the dry leaves, and, further on, the flower garden, with its cosmos, dahlias and other autumn blossoms, contributed their share to the general charm. Yet it is to be wondered if Patricia were conscious of any of these charms as she leaned against the tall pillar of the front porch on that bright October morning.

After all, what did it matter? Why should she worry? *He* wasn't worth worrying over. At this thought she gave a haughty toss of her head, a toss which loosened the tiniest of golden ringlets from its fastening and left it waving in the most fascinating manner. But it was evident that he was worth worrying over, for the pucker remained, as did also the troubled look in the large brown eyes.

Well, she couldn't keep Mr. Lewis from coming; that was certain. For years it had been the custom for the village school teacher to take turns about staying with his patrons, and since her father insisted upon sending Jane to the village school, she supposed it was necessary that they should undergo the inconvenience of the school teacher's presence when their appointed time came around. He had already spent one week at "Highgate." That was the trouble—ever since that week two months before Patricia had thought of little but Mr. Lewis. It was not that she cared for him; no Summerville would ever care for a village school teacher, but he was different from the other men she had known. At first she had thought his matter-of-fact, sensible speeches rude in comparison to the eloquence and flowery speeches of these other men; then she had been mildly interested, and now, well, it would be hard for her to analyze her opinion of him. At one moment she thought she disliked, even hated, him. At another, she thought it would be very entertaining to have him to talk to.

Well, he was coming to-morrow, and she must map out her course of action. It was the attempt to do this which had brought the pucker to her forehead. Should she avoid him; should she show him she thought him brusque and ungallant, or should she forget her dislike and listen to his con-

versation? He talked very well, and he knew about so many things. One evening of his former visit stood out especially in her memory. All the family had sat on the porch and listened to Mr. Lewis' stories of his Vermont home. He had talked to the family, but—it could not have been her imagination—he had looked straight at her, and she had thought him rude. During that week she had often found him looking at her, and each time she had felt herself blush in the most provoking, uncalled-for manner.

Everything had seemed to conspire to throw Mr. Lewis and herself together—even the creek on the lower part of her father's plantation. It was necessary to cross this creek in going from "Highgate" to the schoolhouse, and during this week, of all times, the heavy rains had washed the bridge away. For two whole days Mr. Lewis had been kept away from school and inflicted just that much more of his presence upon her.

Well, since he had to spend another week at "Highgate," she was glad his visit happened to fall at this particular time. Her father would leave in a few days for a business trip to Washington, and she never felt quite comfortable without some man in the house.

The next day Mr. Lewis arrived at "Highgate" and was most cordially welcomed by the whole family. Patricia's father, who was himself a brilliant conversationalist, found Mr. Lewis very entertaining. Her mother appreciated his grave thoughtfulness and old-fashioned courtesy. For Jane he was somewhat of an elderly hero, some one who was never too busy to help her with her lessons, to admire her barnyard pets and to take an interest in the hundreds of little things so dear to the heart of a ten-year-old lass. Patricia had decided to set aside her likes and dislikes and to treat Mr. Lewis just as she would any of the visitors her father so frequently entertained.

Some of these visitors were at "Highgate" now waiting to accompany Colonel Summerville on his trip to Washington. These men were all fond of the Colonel's pretty daughter, whom they had known since her babyhood. Until their departure Patricia, fortunately, she thought, saw little of Mr. Lewis. Her presence was everywhere in demand. Captain Beverly was insistent in his requests for her songs; old Mr. Woodson must have the last issue of *The Gazette* read and re-read to him, while Mr. Thornton would amuse himself by the hour gazing at his fair listener and recounting tales of his miraculous escapes from those hated redcoats.

On the day of their departure Patricia had heard her father tell Mr. Lewis to take care of his family.

"It is a comfort to know you are with them, Lewis," he said. "I feel that I am leaving them in safe hands."

Then she had heard her father say in a worried tone:

"I fear Mr. Blake intends trouble. Captain Meredith this morning told me he had heard rumors of some sort of a scheme. I wish I could stay here and get even with that rascal Blake, but this trip can't be put off another day. Besides, I'll only be away a week, and I don't suppose he can do much mischief in that time. I never was anything of a lawyer, though; this thing of suits always seemed to me useless. Settle your disputes face to face—that is my policy."

Patricia at the time had wondered at this conversation. What was the matter? Why should her father be so incensed with Mr. Blake, the owner of the adjoining plantation? She had intended asking him about it, but, in the excitement of his departure, she had entirely forgotten the matter. Possibly she would never have thought of it again had she not, several evenings later, heard Jane lamenting that Mr. Lewis could not go to walk with her because he had to go to see Mr. Blake. Patricia's inquiring mind was at once interested. What possible reason could there be for Mr. Lewis' visit to their erratic neighbor? Could there be any connection between this visit and her father's conversation? As soon as her father returned she would ask him to explain matters. She would not ask Mr. Lewis; that would look decidedly too inquisitive.

Could she have known Mr. Lewis' thoughts and actions during those few days following her father's departure, who knows what joys that week might have brought to the soul of the reserved village school teacher!

On the very morning after Colonel Summerville had left for Washington, Mr. Lewis had seen, in an obscure corner of *The Gazette*, a notice which assured him that Mr. Blake intended trouble; furthermore, that he intended it much sooner than Colonel Summerville expected. Unless something were done at once, the Colonel would return to find himself hurled into a law suit with his unscrupulous neighbor, who was endeavoring to wrest from him some of his most fertile acres. What could he, Mr. Lewis, do to prevent such a calamity, for calamity it would be to the care-free, pleasure-loving Colonel?

That afternoon the children of the village school were delighted when Mr. Lewis announced that he was going to dismiss them several hours earlier than usual. He had found it necessary to go to the county seat, eight miles away,

on important business. The next afternoon he had declined Jane's invitation to walk and started for Mr. Blake's.

The Summervilles had never had any intercourse with the Blakes, although for twenty years they had lived on adjoining plantations. Mr. Blake, furthermore, was not popular in the community; his neighbors had always lived more or less apart from him; so it was with a feeling of great satisfaction that he observed the respected teacher approach his door. Mr. Blake was in an unusually good humor that afternoon; he was particularly well pleased with himself. Had he not for years gazed secretly at that strip of land with envious eyes? Now, by a brilliant little scheme on his part, there was at least a strong probability of his obtaining it, and without costing anything but a lawyer's fee. Colonel Summerville was away and the suit would be fairly launched before his return. Mr. Blake smiled to himself at the thought of how easy it had all been.

"Fine weather, Mr. Lewis, fine weather we are having," said he, as he rose from his chair and advanced to greet the teacher.

"Yes, very fine weather, Mr. Blake," responded Mr. Lewis, in his grave fashion, as he took the chair offered him.

"Good season for crops," continued Mr. Blake. "I just tell you, Mr. Lewis, my crops can't be beaten; why, that corn down there on that lowland will bring fifty bushels to the acre. There isn't a planter in Virginia can beat that. I've started gathering my apples, too. I'm going to ship them next week; they'll bring a round sum, I can tell you."

Mr. Blake rubbed his hands with satisfaction, but before he had time to enumerate any more of his possessions Mr. Lewis interrupted him.

"Mr. Blake," he said, "I came to see you on business."

"Business? Well, now, that sounds interesting," but Mr. Blake did not appear in the least interested: his thoughts were still on his acres and his gold.

"It is in regard to that piece of land for which you are planning to sue Colonel Summerville," said Mr. Lewis, in the coolest possible manner, "and I'll tell you in the very beginning, you may as well give up the attempt; your little scheme won't work. You couldn't have secured a very skillful lawyer, Mr. Blake, for I have examined the deed, and regardless of which way the creek flows, the land is unquestionably the Colonel's. It is there in black and white; the creek is not the only boundary designated; the deed runs fifty rods east by twenty-five rods north."

Interest, mystification and finally rage had passed over Mr. Blake's face during this speech. Several times he changed his position, shifting his weight uneasily from one foot to the other. Mr. Lewis could with difficulty suppress a smile at his discomfiture, but, after a moment's pause, he continued in the same calm voice:

"Besides, Mr. Blake, even if the creek were the only boundary, I happen to have proof that the creek changed its course, not so much on account of the heavy rains, as on account of your rascality. It is very simple to cut down a tree, Mr. Blake; to build a dam, and turn a creek in a new channel; but, after all, outwitting an honest man is not as easy as you think. When you are going to perform a deed like that you should never take any one into your confidence, not even a servant; you can never tell when they are going to betray you."

Mr. Lewis paused, as if waiting for a reply, but Mr. Blake was too much surprised for speech. His only exclamation was, "Well, I never!" This he repeated several times, each time with more emphasis.

There was an awkward silence; then Mr. Lewis rose to take his leave.

"Mr. Blake," he said, "I should advise you to see your lawyer at once and call off that suit; that is, unless you wish to have your rascality published to the whole of Albemarle County; and, let me advise you again, Mr. Blake, think well before you try to outwit an honest man. Good evening; I wish you success with your crops, but not with your law suits."

As Mr. Lewis walked down the path and closed the gate behind him he saw Mr. Blake still standing where he had left him, and heard him mutter with even more emphasis, "Well, I never!"

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Mr. Lewis' visit to "Highgate" was over; that afternoon he was going to establish himself with another patron. He was standing on the porch thinking of the pleasures of the week when Colonel Summerville, who had returned the day before, called him into the library.

"Well, Lewis," he said, in his jovial manner, "why didn't you tell me about all this? Here you have saved me from a law suit, and I never should have known a thing about it but for my old friend, Captain Meredith. I believe that child Patricia did tell me you had paid a visit to Mr. Blake, but that was before I had gotten well into the house, and I was so glad to get home I did not stop to put two and two together."

Mr. Lewis felt his heart give a great bound. After all, Patricia could not be entirely indifferent to him; she had mentioned his name to her father almost

before she had welcomed him home. At least, she was enough interested in him to wonder why he had gone to Mr. Blake's; it must have been interest in him, for she could have known nothing about the law suit.

Colonel Summerville was still talking:

"I can't tell you how much indebted I am to you," he said. "As I have told you, law suits are not in my line. I had rather give old Blake the land than harangue with lawyers. I wish I could have seen you talk to him. You must have given it to him straight from the shoulder. His lawyer told Captain Meredith he had never seen Mr. Blake as completely subdued. Well, Lewis, I don't like to mention such commercial matters, but I do feel that I want you to accept something for your services to me. Why, just consider the trouble you have saved me. Now, if you would accept the amount I should have put into the lawyer's fee?"

Colonel Summerville paused, uncertain how his proposition would be received by the reserved man before him. Mr. Lewis had been thinking; possibly the Colonel noticed his abstraction and imagined somewhat the trend of his thoughts, for he showed no surprise when Mr. Lewis said, in his deliberate manner:

"Colonel Summerville, what I have done is not worth mentioning. If one can call it a service it is only a service which any man would gladly perform for his friend. The service of one friend to another cannot be rewarded in money, but there is a way, Colonel Summerville, in which you can not only reward me, but make me your everlasting debtor. I fear you will think me bold when I explain. What I ask is for nothing less than the hand of your daughter."

A broad, genial smile passed over the Colonel's face.

"If Patricia is willing, Lewis, you have my consent. If you are as successful in love-making as you are in business matters, there is little doubt of your winning her. You are worthy of her, and that is what I would say to few other men."

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"Highgate" was resplendent with all the glories of springtime. Patricia again leaned against the tall pillar of the front porch, just as she had done on that bright October morning. This time, however, there was no pucker in her forehead, no troubled look in her large, brown eyes. The usual happy expression was there, for Patricia had mapped out her course of action.

A. M. P.

A Joke Within a Joke

ACT I—SCENE I.

TIME—*Night.*

SCENE—*A college girl's room. Door to the right. Two couches are put together, forming a cosy corner. An electric light hangs above couches. On the couches are five girls. Lura is reading the Saturday Evening Post: Alice, the Ladies' Home Journal: Margie, Carrie and Florence are talking. By a table in center of room, Bettie and Eleanor are trying to write.*

MARGIE—Oh, dear, I *do* wish you all would let me go to sleep. I'm so sleepy.

CARRIE—Well, I'll declare! Did anybody *ever* see you when you were not sleepy?

MARGIE (*indignantly*)—Why, Carrie, aren't you ashamed to say that! You know perfectly well I have reason to be worn out to-night. I took exercise for one hour *and three minutes*. The rest of you only took the required one hour. There!

BETTIE (*looking up from writing*)—Neither of you know what real exercise is. *I* played basket-ball nearly all the afternoon. You should try that as a cure for insomnia, Margie. (*Returns to writing.*)

MARGIE—No, I thank you. I'm sleepy enough as it is.

CARRIE—Gracious, speaking of exercise, didn't I walk, or, rather, plough over to Amherst yesterday in three feet of mud? Eight of us went, and never in my life did I have such a time getting anywhere! We came back by the railroad track, and it was almost dark when we reached the College. Poor Jane was frightened almost out of her wits.

FLORENCE—You ought to have been with me on the lake instead. I rowed until I positively thought I was going to have neuritis in both arms.

LURA (*looking up from Saturday Evening Post*)—Isn't the *Saturday Evening Post* the *best* paper! And don't you dote on Robert Chambers? This new story of his is most exciting.

FLORENCE—I haven't read it. Do tell me about it.

Lura—Oh, the girl who is perfectly darling has fallen in love with a grand man who is absolutely indifferent to all feminine charms. And the girl is *so* attractive. She drinks cologne and does all sorts of queer things and has oodles of money. Oh, I'm so thrilled!

Eleanor (*looking up from writing*)—Well, I must say that doesn't appeal to me. (*Returns to writing.*)

Alice (*looking up for first time from Ladies' Home Journal*)—Listen, girls, the style of hairdressing is going to be very simple this summer. (*Reads*) "The style of hairdressing for the coming season will be comparatively simple. All outside accoutrements necessary for the latest coiffure will be three rats, a cap, a braid, a few curls, and puffs may or may not be worn." Isn't that dandy? I'm sure, judging from the picture, that the style will be very becoming. (*Hands magazine to the girls on couches, who, with the exception of Lura, eagerly bend over it.*)

Margie—That would be terribly becoming to the rest of you girls, but I *know* it wouldn't look well on me.

Carrie—Nonsense, Margie. How can you tell till you try?

Eleanor (*looking up again from writing*)—In the name of wonders, how can I write a story for English with you all talking at such a rate? You'd better get to work, or else get a good book and read it. (*Just as she finishes a knock is heard on door, and before any one has time to answer, a tall, light-haired girl, Duran, enters.*)

Duran (*entering*)—Hello!

Carrie—Hello yourself.

Bettie (*looking up from writing*)—Hi!

Eleanor (*looking up from writing*)—Come in.

Duran—Much obliged, but I haven't time. I just wanted to ask Florence if she would come spend the night with me to-night. Please, do, Florence (*addressing Florence*), for Edith is going down to Mrs. McBurn's to stay with Miss Alston, and I'm afraid to stay by myself.

Florence—All right, Duran, I'll see about it.

Duran—Très bien; don't forget. (*Exit Duran.*)

Margie—Do you know that makes about the twelfth night out of the past fourteen that Edith Simpson has spent with Miss Alston. Isn't that funny?

Lura (*who had put down Saturday Evening Post at entrance of Duran*)—It gets me. (*Slight pause.*) I tell you, girls, let's play a joke on Edith. Somebody think of a good one.

Alice—Let's dress up in sheets and scare her as she goes down the path.

Bettie—Oh, no. That really might frighten her sure enough.

Florence—Yes, that is dangerous. I've read lots of horrible stories on just that very subject.

Alice—Well, try to think of something else.

Bettie—We might get the Postmistress to send all of Edith's mail to Mrs. McBurn's, and that would make her a few hours late in getting in. And you know how she tears her hair if the mail is a minute late.

Carrie—Yes, but mail is Government matter, and I don't believe Miss Smith would help us, as you suggest, Bettie.

Eleanor—I've got it. What do you say to taking Edith's trunk down to Mrs. McBurn's to-night and leaving it on the porch?

Alice—Good!

Bettie—Let's do it.

Margie—Grand idea.

Lura—I have rope enough to lower it out of the window. We ought to be ready in jumpers and dark skirts by quarter to ten and then sneak out quietly so nobody will suspect anything. And especially should we beware of the Student Government President—Inez Z. Do you all like the idea?

Florence—Why, I don't believe I'll do it.

Alice, Carrie, Bettie, Margie, Eleanor—We'll do it all right.

Lura—Then, Florence, if you want to stay at home you can keep Duran out of the way, so she will truly be able to tell Edith she doesn't know who played the trick. Will you do that?

Florence—Yes, I'll try to.

Bettie—Lura, you and Eleanor let the trunk out of the window, and Carrie, Alice, Margie and I, together with Patricia, whom we'll get, will receive it below. Yes, that will be fun. (*Laughs.*)

Alice (*looking at watch*)—It's time we were getting ready. Suppose we move on.

ELEANOR—Remember, now, don't let any one see you. Be under the window at nine-forty-five, and Lura and I will be ready with the trunk. (*Exit all girls but Florence and Eleanor.*) (*Curtain.*)

SCENE II.

SCENE—*Another dormitory room. To the left a door, and in rear of room, two windows. The only light in room is from a deeply-shaded reading lamp on table. As curtain rises two girls in jumpers and dark skirts are bending over a steamer trunk at one of the windows, tying a rope around trunk. They speak in stage whispers.*)

ELEANOR—There, mine's tied.

LURA—All right, so is mine. Are all five of the girls down there?

ELEANOR (*leaning out of window*)—Yes, they are all there. Let's lower it now.

(*Both girls bend over, lift trunk to window ledge, and, each holding an end of rope, lower trunk from window. They laugh guardedly as it goes down, and from below come suppressed giggles.*)

LURA—Have you got it? (*Waits a minute, then she and Eleanor begin to pull up the rope.*)

ELEANOR—Come, we must hurry. I'll leave the rope in my room. (*Exeunt both. They have hardly left room when door opens and Duran enters. Wanders aimlessly around room, then picks up a book.*)

DURAN—I believe I'll take this down to Florence's room and read. (*Exit, humming. After she leaves, a knock comes on door, and, after being repeated, door opens and a small, slim, but dignified-looking girl enters. Has rather tight hair arranged on top of head. Wears glasses. In hand carries a Domestic Science note-book.*)

INEZ Z.—Edith, aren't you at home? Well, I must say this is a pleasing retreat for a tired body on Monday night. Goodness, it's restful here after Carson and the Bowery. (*Looks at pictures on mantel, then turns as if meditating and pauses for a moment.*) I believe I'll just stay in here and study for that Domestic Science test. (*Sits at table. Adjusts light and carefully opens*

note-book.) Now, where was I? Oh, yes, at the recipe for making enough rolls for one person for one meal. I'll read that over aloud. (*Reads.*) "For one person with a medium-sized appetite, two rolls made according to the following will be ample: One-fourth of a cup of flour, one thirty-second of a cup of milk, one-half yolk of a moderate-sized egg, one sixty-fourth of an even and level teaspoonful of salt, one-sixteenth of a teaspoonful of yeast, and a piece of lard nine-tenths of an inch long by three-fourths of an inch high by one-half of an inch thick. Sift flour three times before adding to general mixture. The entire cost of this plate of two rolls will be three and two-thirds cents." (*Looks up.*) Now I wonder if I can say that off. (*Closes book and begins.*) For two persons with a very large appetite, one roll made according to the following will be ample: Four cups of milk, one thirty-second of a cup of flour (*enumerates each ingredient on finger*), two eggs, sixteen teaspoonfuls of yeast, one sixty-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt which has been sifted three times. (*At this juncture a lantern's light flashes up from window and heavy footsteps are heard beneath. Inez stops and listens. A man's voice, sounding as if owner were murmuring to himself, comes up from below.*)

Voice Without—Well, I'll be flabbergasted! What air them gals up to? I think I'd better introspect this matter carefully. 'Pon my word, that was a trunk I seen them lettin' down from this window. Well, I'll be flabbergasted! One of them gals was sho' dislopin'. My, my, Peter Oats, you have sho' got important work afore you this night. Try to get your wits clear. (*Inez rushes to window and sticks her head out.*)

Inez Z.—Why, Uncle Peter, what's the matter?

Voice Without—Matter! Why, it's the terriblest matter you ever seen. A gal has done disloped!

Inez Z.—O—h! Isn't that horrible! But do you know that to be *true*, Uncle Peter?

Voice Without—Know it? I done seen it. I'm plumb sho'. I'm goin' right now down to tell Dr. Benedict.

Inez Z.—No, don't do that. This is a matter for Student Government, and as I am the President of Student Government, I'll attend to it at once. Leave the matter entirely in my hands, Uncle Peter, and I will attend to it at once. (*Inez Z. draws in her head and rushes excitedly from room. Exit. The light from outside lantern flashes around once or twice.*)

Voice Without—Yes, siree, I calcalate that's the proper thing for me to do. Glad of it, too. Takes a heap of desponsibility from my shoulders. (*Voice dies away. Door opens cautiously and seven girls in jumpers and dark skirts enter. First they look carefully around, then all sit on floor and begin to laugh. Whenever they speak it is in stage whispers.*)

Carrie—Wasn't it killing the way the poor old night-watchman tried to follow us. Ha-ha. (*All giggle.*)

Patricia—And when Dr. McBurn's dog began to bark so furiously, I felt certain that Dr. McBurn would come out to see what was the matter and catch us. (*Here all laugh rather loudly and are interrupted by the hurried entrance of Florence. She is laughing also.*)

Florence—Ha-ha, here's a joke within a joke. I met Inez Z. a few minutes ago and she confided in me the horrible story of a girl eloping. Uncle Peter had seen her. (*Is interrupted by giggles.*) And Inez Z. has gone to see the members of the Executive Committee, though why I cannot imagine. Wonder if they are going to start out in hot pursuit of the runaway? (*All laugh delightedly.*)

Eleanor—Oh, I wish we could keep up the joke.

Alice—We *can* do it. Let's pretend one of us was trying to elope with the assistance of two others when the rest of you caught us and made us come back. Just do this and give that poor Executive Committee something to do.

Bettie—Fine!

Lura—Grand!

Patricia—Dandy!

Margie—But won't Edith be back in the morning before the meeting and tell about the trunk?

Bettie—No, she won't, for her first class is at ten-twenty, and we all know Inez Z. will have that Executive meeting immediately after breakfast. Fact is, I know if she could persuade the other members, she would have it before breakfast.

Lura—Somebody kind of outline the plot.

Alice—In order to have more of a story attached, let's have the girl running off for some other silly reason, so she can make her story just as absurd

and long-drawn-out as possible in the meeting. We must hoodwink that august body as much as we can.

Patricia—I appoint Margie to be the girl who tried to run away, and she can make up her own story.

All in Unison—Second the appointment.

Lura—To make the story a little more definite, Patricia, you and Alice were the girls helping Margie to run away, and the rest of us brought her back. We can decide on details of the plot after lights. (*Looks at watch.*) Gee, it's time for them this minute.

Alice—Yes, but somebody has got to go tell Inez Z. now that the girl has been found and brought back. You go, Eleanor.

Eleanor—All right. Come down to my room in fifteen minutes and I'll give you the answer and we can finish plotting. (*Lights suddenly go out.*)

All in Unison—Oh! (*Quick Curtain.*)

Scene III.

Time—*Twelve hours later.*

Scene—*A room fitted up as an office. By a table at one end of room sits the dignified Inez Z. Six girls, representing members of the executive committee of Student Government Association, sit in an exceedingly stiff manner around another table placed in same end of room as the table of Inez Z. Other chairs are arranged in a fixed order around the wall. Entrance is in rear of stage.*

Inez Z. (*Seated. Clears throa' and twirls a pencil be'ween two fingers*)—Now girls, remember the *great* importance of this case and weigh all of your evidence and material carefully. Margie was certainly running away assisted by Patricia and Alice, when Eleanor, Lura, Carrie and Bettie discovered the trio, and, by frightening them, forced all three to return. It was indeed a noble and right thing for those girls to do, and for them to come at once to me and report the matter, too. (*A knock on door.*) Enter. (*Margie enters first and is followed by Lura, Carrie, Bettie, Florence, Alice, Patricia and Eleanor.*)

INEZ Z. (*in a very severe tone*)—Be seated, please. (*All sit down. Are exceedingly grave, and Margie, the accused, has very red eyes and is inclined to whimper and weep at intervals throughout meeting. Is now nervously playing with a handkerchief.*)

INEZ Z—Will the accused please stand up. (*Margie arises in a frightened manner, glances around, and then buries face in handkerchief as if weeping.*) Don't carry on like that please, Miss Eagleton. (*Said in a severe tone. Here Inez arises.*) It is unnecessary for me to tell this honorable body that Miss Eagleton, with two accomplices, who were bearing her trunk, were discovered last night in the act of running away. They were discovered by those three very upright young ladies. (*Nods at Eleanor, Lura, and Carrie.*) Why such a disgraceful attempt should have been made, we will now hear from Miss Eagleton's own lips. And please remember, Miss Eagleton, to tell me the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. *I* will sit down, but *you* will remain standing throughout the meeting. (*Inez sits down amid breathless silence. The conspirators assume a very serious air. Then Margie whimpers, and Bettie and Alice cough violently. Inez clears throat again and continues.*) To begin with, why, Miss Eagleton, were you trying to leave such an ideal spot as Sweet Briar? We can only conclude that there must be a man in the case.

MARGIE (*tearfully and eagerly*)—Yes, oh yes, that's exactly it. Only there is not *one* but a great *many* of them. (*At this point great interest is shown by the members of executive committee. Margie looks around nervously.*) I was running away because I've had such a number of scares while here at college.

INEZ Z. (*surprised*)—Scares? I don't understand. Explain yourself.

MARGIE (*in a hesitating way*)—Well—er—if I can stand the awful nervous strain, I—er—will start at the beginning and tell all. Oh!—(*shudders*).

INEZ Z. (*in an irritated way*)—That's what I want you to do.

MARGIE—Well, the first horrible fright I had was when that *dangerous* man-thief came who pretended he was selling fraternity pins. (*Continues in a somewhat tragic and frightened manner.*) Will you *ever* forget how queerly that man talked in the afternoon in Randolph parlor? He met me in the hall and asked (*almost sobs*) if—this—er—was a man's college, and—er—if the President didn't have a red beard. (*Eleanor almost snickers aloud. Covers it up by a cough.*) I knew the man was crazy, then. And that night when I heard he had stolen Roberta's purse, and when Miss Benedict and the watchman

came through the dormitory searching for him—well, I just nearly died. I got six of my friends to come in my room and search every single drawer in the whole room, and take up the rug and *everything*, while I stood on the threshold ready to scream. And when they didn't find him, I nearly collapsed I was so disappointed and frightened. (*Puts handkerchief to face and shudders.*)

Lura (*from side lines*)—Give her just a minute, Madam President, because she is so nervous.

Margie (*looking up*)—Never mind, I'll go on. I had hardly recovered from this shock, when one morning at three o'clock I was awakened by loud, blood-curdling screams of "help, help, murder, thieves!" I'm sure (*addressing audience*) that you all remember that night. (*In a tragic tone*) Never, never, can I forget it. It was when Louise Thompson heard *burglars* knocking on her door! Think of being awakened by a thing like that. Yes, siree, they were certainly there knocking. (*Weeps.*) You—er—may—er—say it was you (*addressing Inez Z.*) having a night-mare and knocking on—er—wall, but you will never convince me it wasn't burglars. (*Buries face in handkerchief as if weeping.*)

Inez Z. (*in a conciliating tone*)—But remember the watchman searched the dormitories.

Margie (*somewhat animatedly*)—Yes, but the burglars could have run away by that time. And you know, I would have left college then if it hadn't been for the prompt action of the Bowery Bum Blues, which Lura so kindly brought over the next night and stationed outside of our doors. Oh, they were brave girls. I can see them now standing outside of the doors with their paper caps and broom-sticks held just like real guns. (*Draws herself up and holds right arm and hand as if carrying a gun on right shoulder. The next second she acts in a frightened manner.*) I got the company to come in my room and search the drawers. And that's one reason I don't want to stay here, because I have to look for burglars so often that I can never keep my room at all straight.

Inez Z.—Oh, but——

Margie (*interrupting*)—Yes, I know, but it isn't only men but it is *snakes* too! Gracious (*shivers*), I was going down to the Administration Building and about a yard in front of me I saw a perfectly monstrous black snake. I turned and ran so fast I came near fainting from relief at the sight of Mr. Dew, who was coming around the corner. I told him about the snake

and I heard he got his gun and killed it after hitting it *twenty-four* times. Oh—er, I *dreamed* of snakes for *months* afterwards. (*Shivers and hides face in handkerchief.*) And the more I go on, the worse things become. This time it was on the lake. (*Shakes all over.*) I was out rowing with one of the girls when I suddenly looked up over that hill, which is near the dam, and I imagined I saw Indians coming over the crest. And they were just shooting tomahawks and brandishing arrows. (*Waves arms in air violently for a second.*) I could feel them sticking into me, so (*breaks down and finishes sentence with face in handkerchief*) you—can—just—imagine—how—I—er—felt.

Inez (*in an incredulous tone*)—Indians! Why I never heard of such a thing. And here at Sweet Briar?

Margie (*indignantly*)—You never heard of Indians here at Sweet Briar? Why, there's the Indian mission not three miles from us. And they are what's left of a native tribe of Cherokees. Mr. Gray himself says so. Surely you know about them.

Inez (*surprised*)—Why, that is so. Of course I know about those Indians. (*In a sympathetic tone adds*) Poor Indians! I'm going over to the mission to help fix them a Christmas tree which our Young Women's Christian Association is going to give them. But (*addressing Margie*) you oughtn't to be afraid of these people.

Margie (*simpers*)—Well, but I am. And I'm afraid of ghosts too. I had to stay in the Administration Building one Friday night, and just as sure as my name is Margie Eagleton and I am standing here, I heard Daisy Williams play on her harp just as the clock was striking twelve. I always had been sure that Daisy returned every Friday night and played on her harp. (*Weeps.*)

Inez Z. (*crossly*)—I don't see how you could have been so frightened by all of these things.

Margie (*looking up*)—And that is not all yet. The last thing that made me decide to run away was an incident that occurred one night on the way to Mount St. Angelo. My class was on its way over to a party given by Dr. and Mrs. Walker. It was a dark, rainy night, and when we got out of the path just beyond Faculty Row, I didn't *see* but I *felt* a shadow behind me. From then it followed me right on until I reached Mount St. Angelo. I was too frightened to tell a soul. I simply held my breath from there on until I came to Dr. Walker's. After the party was over I would have died rather than

walk back, but as I had to do the latter, I just held my breath all the way home too. (*Turns to Inez Z.*) Let me rest one second until I recover from my nervousness.

Inez Z. (*in a kindly tone*)—Certainly, sit down. Would you like some water?

Margie (*sitting, handkerchief to face*)—No, I thank you.

One of Executive Committee to Another (*stage whisper*)—This is certainly a most *wonderful* case. My mind is fully made up from her story alone. I don't think any witnesses are necessary for this trial.

Another Member (*whom the first member addressed*)—*I* never had such a responsible position before in my whole life. Yes, I have decided too.

(*As she finishes last sentence Margie arises.*)

Margie (*calmly*)—And now comes the very last. All these scares made me determined to leave Sweet Briar, as much as I loved it, because I feared if I staid I would soon fill an early grave. I was afraid to do it, but I had to. And when necessity forces, well, you just have to do anything. That's what I did. Two of my friends kindly offered to go with me as far as Coolwell and carry my trunk, so I could catch the two a. m. train. And oh (*addresses Inez Z. and executive committee. Clasps hands and speaks in a tragic tone*), I beseech ye, just judges, do not think hard of my two friends for their noble and just act. (*Weeps for fraction of a second then raises head and continues in a resigned way*) You know the rest. We let the trunk out of the window, and had just gotten a good start when those three girls (*points at Lura, Eleanor and Carrie, who have a hard time trying to keep a serious face*) met us. I thought they would sympathize with me, so I told them all. But alas, they tried to persuade us to return. This was of no avail. (*Here becomes excited again.*) And then, wonderful to think, these very girls became my rescuers. They told us of five awful-looking men they had just seen skirting along the woods. They were blood-thirsty men and had huge sword-blades. And they were on their way to Coolwell. (*Almost shrieks out this last word. At this juncture a loud knock comes on door. It opens immediately and a girl rushes in. Hesitates a fraction of a second then says*)—

Edith—Oh, is this an executive meeting? Well, let me tell you a horrid trick somebody played on me. (*At Edith's entrance, the conspirators exchange*

hurried glances. As she talks they look horrified.) I was spending the night at Mrs. McBurn's and there on the front porch this morning I found my steamer trunk! (*As she says this, all the conspirators, including Margie, make a grand dash for the door and run out. Inez Z. rises, as do executive committee. All gazed at each other in a bewildered manner. Edith continues after a short pause.*) I see. I'm so sorry I broke up the meeting. Excuse me. (*Exit Edith.*)

Inez Z. (*sinking into chair from which she had arisen*)—Well—er this meeting is adjourned for this morning. (*Curtain.*)

E. W. Griffin.

In the Light of the Embers

THE big hall clock was just chiming eleven as I finished the last page of my story. With a sigh of regret that the absorbing romance was ended, I closed the book, put out the lights, and crossed over to the big, open fire. It was Christmas week, and I was one of a party of girls and teachers who were spending the holidays at college. We were staying, not in the dormitories, but in the more homelike atmosphere of the old Sweet Briar House.

To-night when I finished reading I remembered that every one else had retired early, and consequently I was the sole occupant of the whole lower floor. On the one hand, the thought made me feel a bit uncanny because of the many supernatural stories connected with the house; but, on the other, my story had put me into such an imaginary, dreamy frame of mind that I was loath to go to bed. A deep chair before the fire extended a most welcome invitation, so, sinking into its luxurious depths, I decided to watch the blazing logs.

The flames cast a weird, uncertain light over the old room. Now and then a log slipped as its former support crumbled to ashes. Then rays of light leaped forth, illuminating for an instant different objects in the room. At one time a ray transformed a bit of gold from the mirror's edge into the burning eye of a dragon. At another, it changed the mahogany claw of the table into the brown, bony hand of a skeleton. For a long time I watched with absorption these wonderful metamorphoses. At length two particularly vivid streaks darted forth. One fell upon the portrait of the child Daisy, now dead for so many years; the other upon the long-silent harp standing in the recess of the window. Then the two darts converged and at once disappeared.

This rather unusual action aroused my thought. I glanced at the harp, and then, turning to the left, directed my gaze upon the features of the solemn-faced little girl looking down from her massive gold frame. Strange I had never before noticed what a very wistful expression she had. And, stranger still, that I had never noticed the object upon which her yearning eyes were so intently fixed. I started to investigate, and a few minutes later discovered that it was the harp which held her attention. I glanced again at the portrait and the change I saw in the expression was marvelous.

The face was joyous, and the eyes, now gazing in my direction, seemed to be thanking me for some great favor done. In fascination I stared at the picture. As I stared, the object of my gaze began to descend gradually to the

floor. Reaching the carpet, it stopped, and from its embrace stepped forth the little maid of fourteen summers whom I had hitherto regarded merely as a picture from some artist's brush. What a mistaken fancy, for here she was a living, breathing child! A child, too, whose face was not solemn and melancholy, but which was, on the contrary, radiant and beaming with the light of some hidden joy.

For a second the little picture-girl stood still. Then with noiseless tread she started across the room.

"Oh, you dear little girl," I impulsively called out, "won't you come talk to me?"

But heedless of my remark, she moved on, and turned her steps toward the harp. When she reached it she deftly drew off the cover, and, with a little sigh of satisfaction, lovingly laid her cheek against its side. The next moment she began to pluck the strings gently.

What a picture the child made as she played! Never, never can I forget the scene. The look of rapture that overspread the childish face as she drew her fingers across the strings was as saintly and perfect as the expression of a Madonna. And how wonderful were the strains of music that floated out at the touch!

At first a single little melody, full of pathos and pleading, stole forth. Timidly it began to pour out its story, and, finally dying away, was followed by other melodies, sometimes in slow and sometimes in hurried succession—each one telling a certain part of the tragic romance that the music as a whole was depicting. Each new strain vividly told its part, and after the last one all former melodies returned and blended into one harmonious crescendo.

I was held spellbound. Then the music carried me so completely in its wake that I began to quiver violently from head to foot as if held under some tremendous nervous strain. For support I reached for the arm of the chair. As I touched the velvet I was so startled that I sprang to an upright sitting posture. For an instant I gazed around in a bewildered manner. Then, my senses returning, I looked with strained eyes toward the harp. With difficulty I discerned its outlines and saw there was no figure by its side. I turned to the left and perceived that the picture of Daisy hung in its accustomed place on the wall. The fire, I found, was giving out its dying rays. The room was exceedingly cold, and I was shivering until my teeth chattered.

I arose from my chair, and as I did so the clock chimed half-past twelve. How quickly the time had flown! Could it be possible that I had been dreaming before the embers! No, I rather believe I had been an eye-witness to Daisy's return home. For was it not Friday night, and had I not been alone in the Gray Drawing-Room at twelve o'clock?

Eugenia W. Griffin, 1910.


DRAMATICS

Paint and Patches

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EMMA VIRGINIA SHOOP Vice-President
MARGARET DALTON Secretary
VIRGINIA DIANA ETHERIDGE Treasurer

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EUGENIA BUFFINGTON
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MARY CLARK
EMMA CLYDE
MARGARET COBB
MARY LOU COBB
ELIZABETH COCKE
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MARGARET COLEMAN
SARAH COOPER
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ISABEL CORNWALL
CLYDE CRANFORD
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SARA DENHAM
CORINNE DICKINSON
RUTH DOWD
RUTH DREW
HENRIANNA EARLY
ADDIE ERVIN
MARY ERVIN
LOURINE EIKENBERRY
VIRGINIA ETHERIDGE
ELIZABETH FRANKE
ELEANOR FURMAN
EUGENIA GRIFFIN
MARY GROOVER
RUTH HANCOCK
SUE HARDIE
MILDRED HARRIS
ELLEN HAYES
LOUISE HOOPER
EVA HORNER
HELEN HIBBERD
JULIA HUFF
JENNIE HURT
EDITH HYSLOP
MARY JOHNSON
MARY JONES
HELEN LAMFROM
KATHARINE LANIER
MARIE LIEBER
MARIE MAHONE
LUCILE MARSHALL
ROSE OWEN McDAVID
LOU EMMA McWHORTER
EMMA MORRISS
EMILY MORRISS
VIVIAN MOSSMAN
JOSEPHINE MURRAY
FRANCES MURRELL
KATHERINE McDONALD
MARY PARKER
LUIME PFEIFFER
ANNIE POWELL
JOSEPHINE PROCTOR
LAURA PORTMAN
MARY PINKERTON
KATHARINE QUINBY
CAMMIE RODMAN
IDA ROSS
FRANCES RICHARDSON
VIRGINIA SHOOP
ETHEL SHOOP
LUCY SIMS
REBA STEPHENSON
FRANCES SUMMERS
MARY CLIFTON TABB
MARY TANDY
MARGARET THOMAS
EMMY THOMAS
LUCY TYLER
MARY TYLER
MAYO THACH
MERTIE WATSON
LOULIE WILSON
ELEANOR WINGFIELD
MARY ANNA WHEELER
ELSIE ZAEGEL



E. Griffin



V. Shoop



M. Dalton



V. Etheridge

"Alice in Wonderland"

TO THE NEW GIRLS

CAST:

ALICE	Bessie Grammer
THE DUCHESS	Virginia Shoop
THE COOK	Louise Hooper
THE BABY	Marie Abrams
THE CHESHIRE CAT	Margaret Browning
THE FROG FOOTMAN	Alma Booth
THE FISH FOOTMAN	Nan Powell
THE HATTER	Margaret Cobb
THE MARCH HARE	Martha Tillman
THE DORMOUSE	Emma Thomas
THE QUEEN OF HEARTS	Eugenia Griffin
THE KING OF HEARTS	Frances Murrell
THE KNAVE OF HEARTS	Jennie Hurt
THE THREE GARDENERS	Addie Ervin, Mary Ervin, Edith Hyslop
THE EXECUTIONER	Margaret Thomas

The Pack of Cards.

Act 1.

Scene 1—The Duchess' Kitchen.
Scene 2—The Mad Tea-Party.
Scene 3—The Croquet Game.

Dramatized by Miss Plaisted.



BESSIE GRAMMER Chief Billiken
MARIE ABRAMS Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

MARY BELL
ALMA BOOTH
MARGARET BROWNING
EUGENIA BUFFINGTON
MARY CLARK
ISABEL CORNWALL
ELIZABETH CRAVEN
ANNIE CUMNOCK
RUTH DREW
ADDIE ERVIN
ELIZABETH FRANKE
EUGENIA GRIFFIN
MARY GROOVER
LOUISE HOOPER
JENNIE HURT
HELEN LAMFROM
ELSIE ZAEGEL
LUCILE MARSHALL
FRANCES MURRELL
EMMA MORRISS
JOSEPHINE MURRAY
MARY PARKER
MARY PINKERTON
ANNIE POWELL
LUCY SIMS

IN FACULTATE

MISS PLAISTED
MISS GUION

"The Mouse Trap"

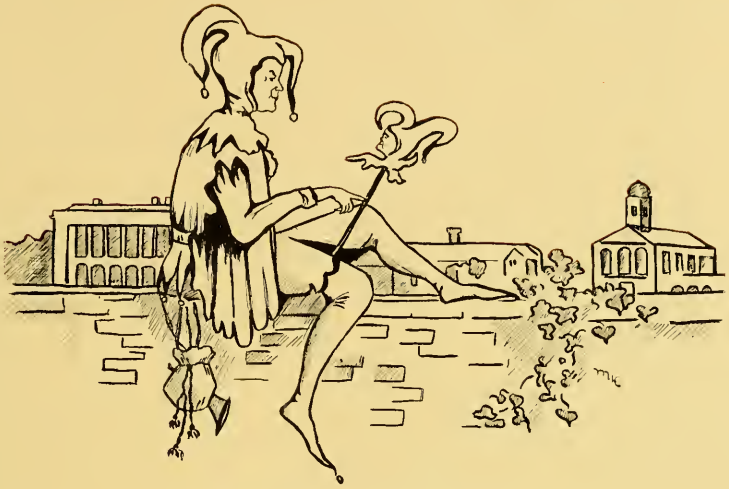
BY W. D. HOWELL

Presented by the Billikens

CAST:

MR. CAMPBELL	LUCILE MARSHALL
MRS. SOMMERS	EUGENIA BUFFINGTON
MRS. MILLER	ELSIE ZAEGEL
MRS. CURWEN	ELIZABETH CURWEN
MRS. BEMIS	BESSIE GRAMMER
MRS. ROBERTS	ELIZABETH FRANKE
JANE, THE MAID	ISABEL CORNWALL

Scene takes place in the drawing room of Mrs. Sommers.



The Merry Jester Chapter

OFFICERS

VIRGINIA SHOOP President
MARGARET COBB Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

BETTY BALDWIN
DOROTHY BANCROFT
LUCY CARNEY
MARGARET COBB
MARY LOU COBB
ELIZABETH COCKE
MARGARET COLEMAN
KATHLEEN COWGILL
CLYDE CRANFORD
MARGARET DALTON
MARY ERVIN
VIRGINIA ETHERIDGE
ELEANOR FURMAN
EDITH HYSLOP
MARY JOHNSON
LUCELIA McCLAIN
KATHERINE McDONALD
EMILY MORRISS
NELLA PATTERSON
IDA ROSS
REBA STEPHENSON
MARY CLIFTON TABB
MAYO THACH
EMMY THOMAS
MARTHA TILLMAN
MARY TYLER

IN FACULTATE

MISS BENEDICT
MISS GUION

"The Merry Jesters in the Land of Heart's Desire"

BY WILLIAM YEATS

Presented by Paint and Patches

CAST:

SHAWN	Mary Tyler
MAIRE, HIS WIFE	Margaret Cobb
MAURTEEN, FATHER OF SHAWN	Margaret Thomas
BRIDGET, WIFE OF MAURTEEN	Emmy Thomas
FATHER HART, PARISH PRIEST	Margaret Dalton
FAIRY	Mary Erwin

Scene—In the cottage of an Irish peasant.

May Day

AT

Sweet Briar

MAY 3, 1909

Program

THE MAY QUEEN IS CROWNED BY HER ATTENDANTS

QUEEN OF MAY JOSEPHINE WADSWORTH MURRAY
FLOWER GIRLS ALBERTA HENSEL, EDWINA HENSEL

MAIDS OF HONOR:

MARGARET BROWNING	HORTENSE GIBBONS
MARGARET COBB	MARGARET THOMAS
MARIE CHAMBERLAIN	NELLE KELLER

May Pole Dance for the Entertainment of the Queen.

Robin Hood and His Merrie Men Play Before the Queen.

Scene—Sherwood Forest, The Sweet Briar Dell.

THE PLAYERS:

ROBIN HOOD EUGENIA GRIFFIN
WILL SCARLET MARTHA BELL
LITTLE JOHN VIRGINIA SHOOP
WILL STUTLEY ESTELLE WESLOW
FRIAR TUCK MARGARET THOMAS
ALLEN-A-DALE MARGARET DALTON
KING RICHARD VIRGINIA HURT
SIR STEPHEN OF TRENT MARGARET COBB
FRANKLIN EDWARD (ELLEN'S FATHER) CORINNE DICKINSON
FAIR ELLEN CORNELIA FORE

Merrie Men, Heralds and Attendants

MAY DAY CONCERT

OLD ENGLISH FOLK SONGS AND DANCES

GIVEN BY THE GLEE CLUB

Seven O'Clock



Robin Hood Play



May Day

MAY DAY of 1909 was truly a wonderful day at Sweet Briar. If possible, it was even more beautiful than the two May Days which had preceded it. Everything, in the realm of the lovely Queen just come to the throne, seemed to conspire in making her reign indeed one of ideal beauty and joy. That is if we except that naughty Zephyrus who insisted on getting out of chains despite the greatest forethought on the part of every loyal subject and courtier, and making his roistering presence very distinctly felt by all at the Coronation. Otherwise, however, all was in harmony with the joyous anticipation of the throng which breathlessly awaited the appearance of the new sovereign. The clear, blue heavens, the bright sunlight, the green sward sprinkled with bright-eyed flowers, the blossom-laden branches of the trees which bent in eager expectation—all seemed to be portents of the ushering in of a new and gladsome era for the kingdom.

At length, just as the anxious crowd had begun to despair of her appearance, a trim little page with a bugle almost as large as himself ran gaily from the farther boxhedge and blew a blast, loud and long. He seemed fairly bubbling over with the gladsome news which he bore, that the Queen with her court was at hand. No sooner said than a vision of truly wondrous beauty burst upon the eyes of the beholders—"the Queen, the Queen" burst from the throats of the multitude. Yes truly, it was the Queen herself, a vision of love and beauty, clad in her royal robes of office. But she was not alone, for close in her wake followed maidens bearing great branches of snowy blossoms and scattering petals as they went. While there followed after them a great crowd of happy subjects who had gone out to meet the Queen, and who now returned with her, singing songs of gladness in her praise.

Ascending the throne, she was decked by her maids with all the insignia of royalty. Then rising in all the glory of her youth and beauty she spoke:

"My faithful subjects and my May Day court, and you friends, all who have crowned and garlanded me with flowers to be your Queen of May, I thank you and I ask your help that I may be a Queen worthy to wear your rose and your crown. And you, blithe company, who are gathered at our Court of May, I bid you welcome. By virtue of my crown, my garland, and my May Day sceptre, I give to you my royal command, 'Be merry, I pray you, and fill with gladness all my reign of this May Day.'"

And finally, in token of their happiness at her coming, the subjects gathered about the May pole, twined in beautiful rose and green, and dancing about it, sang:

"Gaily now we twine the May pole
With our colors rose and green,
Singing merrily to springtime,
To fair springtime and our Queen."

But this was not enough, they must even do something more to honor her, so when the dance was done she was conducted, with her court, to a wonderful dais arranged in the dell. Here she sat, surrounded by her beautiful maidens and witnessed the spectacle which was presented by the bold Robin Hood, with his Merrie Men, who had even consented to honor the occasion of the coronation with his presence. There, with the lovely dell as a background, they presented the quaintest of plays, which so delighted the Queen that Robin Hood with all his men was invited to accompany her when she returned to the palace that night.

And I have heard that the joyous day ended with the greatest, most royal of banquets.

Founder's Day

FRIDAY, November the nineteenth, nineteen hundred and nine, was a memorable one in our history. Then it was that Founder's Day was celebrated for the first time. Its entrance into our history was a triumphal one. To do it honor the Seniors donned, for the very first time, their new caps and gowns; the Faculty appeared in full Academic regalia; Dr. E. B. Craighead, President of Tulane University, was here; our good friend Mr. N. C. Manson, Jr., was present, and more than half a hundred young men came from various institutions to join in the dance which was such a distinct feature of this happy occasion.

The chapel was the scene of the first part of the exercises. Our chaplain thrust even more of that personality, uniquely his own, into our evening worship on that particular evening, for it was with this devotional service that the programme was opened. Following close upon the chapel service, the students re-assembled, seated this time by the Juniors, who left conspicuously empty certain reserved seats to the right of the chapel. At seven-thirty o'clock the staccato notes of the march heralded the approach of the Academic Procession. The Seniors led. Their stately tread, solemn faces and black gowns suggested a funeral procession, but this idea was soon dispelled when the Faculty followed, displaying the rich colors of half a score and more of our leading colleges and universities. The turn in the aisle suggested the rainbow and when our President brought up the rear, lo, to be sure, there was the pot of gold in the hood which graced her Joseph-like gown.

Miss Benedict's opening remarks were, as her words always are, just to the point. She emphasized the appropriateness of this particular day by telling us that exactly one hundred years ago this coming June Mr. Elijah Fletcher received his degree from the University of Vermont. Thus, just an even century after his graduation, the institution which he made possible would send out its first graduates. In honor of our founder, she further added that these first graduates would receive diplomas modeled after the one which Mr. Fletcher had himself received. To tell the story of Sweet Briar's early history, Miss Benedict then introduced Mr. Manson.

Mr. Manson's big mind is filled with facts relating to our early life and these facts he is ever glad to relate. On this evening he just bubbled over. He

was talking about a subject in which his interests are deep and to an audience of young ladies whom he loves as a father. This interest and love bound together his facts so that they flowed in a stream of real eloquence so warm and fervid that a flame of patriotism and college spirit and pride was kindled in our hearts, which flame burst forth in a round of applause perhaps never before in the history of our institution so demonstrative and spirited.

President Craighead's message was prophetic—a prophesy based upon his observation and study of the present equipment of the College, both material and intellectual. He found much to praise in its wise and able management, its broad and liberal policy. His remarks about our President made us esteem her with even deeper regard, for in his remarks he gave us information which her modesty would always withhold, yet information which made us believe more firmly in the future of our College. Hence we were very fortunate in having a man of such wide educational experience with us on this occasion. His praise was tempered with criticism, so that in recognizing our advantages he pointed out our disadvantages and indicated the danger of certain tendencies. However, the spirit of his remarks left with us a desire to appreciate more deeply the one and to avoid the mistakes that might encourage the other.

A song from the Glee Club closed the first part of the exercises. In reverse order from that in which it entered, the Academic Procession moved from the chapel and the scene shifted to the refectory.

Here the second part of the programme opened with a reception. In the receiving line stood Miss Benedict and the members of the Executive Board of the Student Government Association. There was a warmth and a cordiality in the grasp of these half dozen extended hands which made one feel instinctively the real spirit of the occasion and thus enter at once into its joy and festivity. The dance which followed was as graceful as it was pretty.

The grand march was led by Miss Eugenia Griffin with Mr. Albertson, of Washington and Lee University. Dancing was continued until two o'clock the following morning, by which time Founder's Day had established itself with anticipatory permanence in our calendar.



Social Events

THE first social event of the year was the Y. W. C. A. reception to the new girls on Thursday, September 22d. This reception was held in the Administration Building by the old students, assisted by the faculty. After the more formal side—and we were glad to notice that much of the usual formality and stiffness was absent on this occasion—all adjourned to the Refectory. There each new student was cordially greeted by the Y. W. C. A. cabinet. A dance brought this delightful evening to a very happy end.

On the evening of November 1st, when the students issued from chapel they found the whole place pervaded by a spirit of mystery. No one knew the cause. Gradually the new students had disappeared until there was not one in sight. Could they have been spirited away in some mysterious manner? Before the old students had had time to consider this question very much a crowd of ghosts and apparitions burst upon them. Each student was seized by a ghost, who quietly beckoned her to follow. Across the arcades they passed, on to the Refectory doors, which were barred and guarded from within. At last, a dark figure unbarred the doors and admitted one ghost and her companion. After a while another couple was allowed to enter, and so on until the whole company had passed beyond the dreadful doors. Within, in the dimness of another entrance, dark figures crouched at the stairway could be discerned. Seated upon the stairway, another obscure figure presented each visitor with a sheet of paper, which, she mumbled, would admit her into all the realms of the infernal region. Without a word the accompanying ghost moved on, past skeletons, bones, and pallid faces, down another flight of steps, where—oh, horror of horrors!—they were surrounded by hideous devils with horns and tails and arching eyebrows! These fiends seized both ghost and visitor and shot them down a steep plane into another dim region. As they scrambled to their feet, ghosts and devils running up danced them around and around in a bewildering whirl.

Suddenly, as if by magic, the lights flashed on, and there stood, instead of devils and ghosts, our own new students. In order to refresh their guests, who had undergone such terrifying ordeals, great baskets of popcorn and apples had been prepared, while the doughnuts and cider added the finishing touch to an ideal Hallowe'en party.

What could Sweet Briar do without the Walkers? On the evening of Thanksgiving all the students and faculty were invited over to a bonfire at St.

Angelo. There they saw a bonfire indeed! After enjoying games around the fire, the crowd of hungry girls—and hungry faculty, too—gathered in the halls and parlors of the beautiful home, where the Walkers displayed their usual hospitality in serving delicious cakes and hot chocolate.

The Sophomore class on the evening before Thanksgiving invited the three classes, with their respective honorary members, to go with them on a hay-ride. Of course every one accepted—Sweet Briar people always do— and the wagons were jostling slowly along before eight o'clock.

Very much shaken up, but still in good spirits, the occupants of the wagons alighted in the middle of the woods, kindled a huge fire, and circled about it to toast marshmallows and to tell ghost stories. Some of these stories, too, would have done credit to Poe or Maupassant.

There are some people who do not advocate college training for women. However, if these same unbelievers could have been present on Saturday evening, October 2d, at the baby party which the Juniors gave the Freshmen, they undoubtedly would have changed their minds, for when one considers that these Juniors, who, in their black dresses and white nurses' caps, ministered so beautifully to the needs of the Freshman babies were themselves Freshman babies only three years ago, one must admit that only college training could have produced this sudden metamorphosis!

On the eve of Washington's birthday the entire body of college students found themselves thanking fortune for the noble patriotism of the Freshmen. The explanation of this statement is to be found in the fact that on that day each was the recipient of an invitation in verse, wonderfully and fearfully composed, in which they were bidden to a dinner that evening in the Refectory.

At the appointed time, clothed in apparel suited to the style of the occasion, the college students, on their arrival at the Refectory, were met in true colonial style by the Freshmen and a perfect wonder of a dinner.

The table was resplendent with many trophies of the General's chequered career, among which the cherry tree of veracious fame was very prominent.

After the dinner the company was much cheered by the announcement that the best was yet to come in the shape of a theatre party. Delight soon took the place of astonishment in the minds of the guests when Miss Buffington appeared as a star in the role of George in a burlesque by Miss Portman.

With this wonderfully successful dramatic effort the evening came to an end. And if there is any doubt as to the fact that George put an end to that tree, there is certainly none as to the Freshmen.



Glee Club

Glee Club

MISS HELEN F. YOUNG Director
VIRGINIA SHOOP AND EVELYN RIGNEY Accompanist

FIRST SOPRANOS

LOUISE HOOPER
BESSIE GRAMMER
ESTHER CORNWALL
ELIZABETH COCKE
MARGARET THOMAS
KATHERINE McDONALD
EDITH HYSLOP
MARY ERVIN
MARY LOU COBB
ESTELLE GUILLET
EMMA CLYDE
ELSIE ZAEGAL
EUGENIA BUFFINGTON
NELLE REDDISH
HELEN HIBBERD
KATHARINE LANIER

SECOND SOPRANOS

ANNIE POWELL
EMMA THOMAS
SARAH DENHAM
MARGARET DALTON
ROSE OWEN McDAVID
LOU EMMA McWHORTER
REBA STEPHENSON
EMMA BRADFIELD
MARIE MAHONE
FRANCES RICHARDSON
LUCY CHENEY

ALTOS

ANNIE CUMNOCK
MARY PARKER
LOULIE WILSON
MARIE LIEBER
MARGARET KOSER
RUTH DOWD
LUIME PFEIFFER
LINDA WRIGHT
HENRIETTA WASHBURN



Mandolin Club



Mandolin Club

ISABEL CORNWALL.....Manager

MEMBERS

JEANNE ALEXANDER
NANCY BEALL
LILLIAN BOWMAN
ESTHER CORNWALL
CLYDE CRANFORD
SARA DENHAM
ELIZABETH FRANKE
BESSIE GRAMMER
RUTH HANCOCK
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Debating Club

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MAYO THACH
MARY TYLER
ADELAIDE WHELESS
REBECCA WHITE
ELSIE ZAEGEL

Series of Debates

SERIES I

DEBATE 1. Seniors versus Juniors.

SUBJECT:

Resolved, That capital punishment shall be abolished.

AFFIRMATIVE:

LOUISE M. HOOPER — ANNIE W. CUMNOCK

NEGATIVE:

JENNIE HURT — MARY V. PARKER

Won by Juniors.

DEBATE 2. Sophomores versus Freshmen.

SUBJECT:

Resolved, That college in the country has more advantages than college in town.

AFFIRMATIVE:

LOUISE M. HOOPER — ELSIE L. ZAEGEL

NEGATIVE:

MARY TYLER — ELIZABETH FRANKE

Won by Sophmores.

DEBATE 3. Juniors versus Sophomores

SUBJECT:

Resolved, That the government of the United States should own and control the railroads.

AFFIRMATIVE:

MARY B. PINKERTON — ELSIE L. ZAEGEL

NEGATIVE:

JENNIE HURT — MARY V. PARKER

Won by Sophmores.

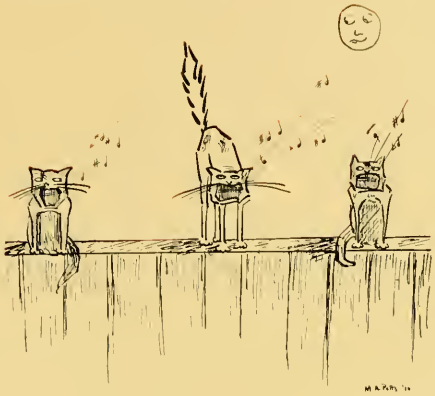
SERIES II

DEBATE 1. Seniors versus Juniors.

DEBATE 2. Sophomores versus Freshmen.

DEBATE 3. Winners of Debate 1 versus Winners of Debate 2.

FINAL: Winners of Series I versus Winners of Series II.



Songs

Sweet Briar Song

Sweet Briar! Sweet Briar! the flower fair,
 The rose that on your crest you wear
Shall never fade, but always bear
 Thy beauty, O sweet Briar!

Sweet Briar! Sweet Briar! thy columns white
 Shine on the hills, a beacon light
Of truth to burn with radiance bright
 Forever, O Sweet Briar!

Sweet Briar! Sweet Briar! we sing to thee,
 May thy foundations ever be
Strong as thy hills; thy purity
 That of thy rose, Sweet Briar!

M. Pinkerton, 1912.

S. B. C.

(Tune: *Heidelburg*)

Crowning the red Virginia hills,
 Fairest of all is she,
She to whose health our heart's cup fills,
 Here's to S. B. C.
Here's to the friends that we have known,
 Wherever they may be,
Here's to the college we call our own,
 Here's to S. B. C.

Girdled with mountain-walls around,
 Loved above all is she,
She to whose heart our hearts are bound,
 Here's to S. B. C.
Here's to the days that we have known,
 Here's to the days to be,
Here's to the college we call our own,
 Here's to S. B. C.

Class Song of 1912

Here's to the health of our glorious class,
Here's to the others that we surpass,
Here's to our Alma Mater's praise,
Here's to our happy college days,
Here's to all our fun and fuss,
Here's to our classmates,
Here's to "us,"
Rah, rah, rah for the grand old class
Of nineteen-twelve!

Dear Alma Mater, we all sing to thee,
Dear Alma Mater, where we love to be,
Here's to the college
We love to acknowledge,
Here's to our dear S. B. C.

Dear old pals, jolly old pals,
Always together, in all sorts of weather,
Dear old pals, jolly old pals,
Dear old, jolly old pals.

Class Song of 1910

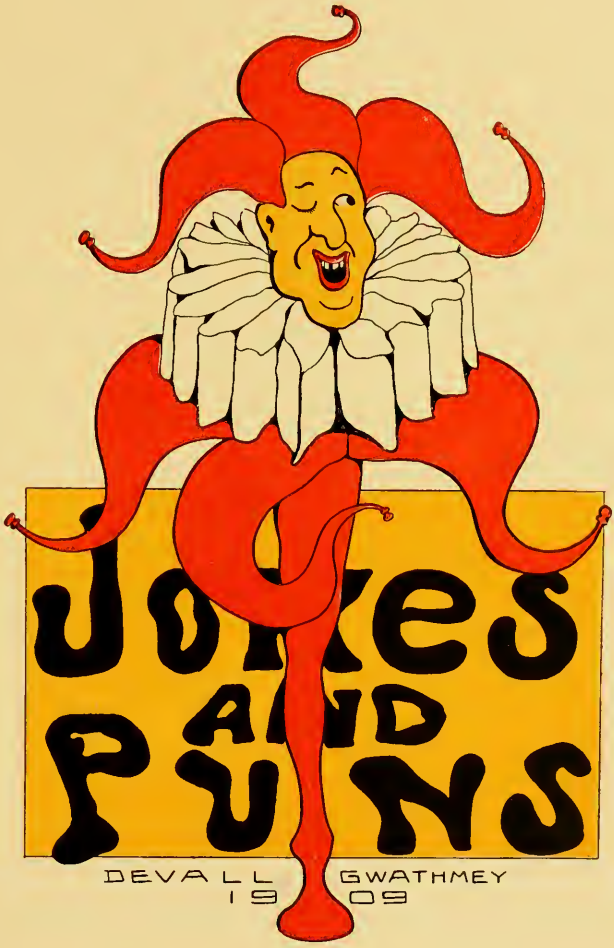
(Tune: *You Don't Belong to the Regulars, You're Just a Volunteer*)

We belong to the Senior class
So let's all give a cheer—Rah!
We belong to the Senior class
The best of all that's here.
We'll work for her and we'll fight for her
Until the very end,
When everybody'll take off their hats
To the class of nineteen-ten.



Ernest

Oh, faithful wielder of the girls' suit case,
Oh, Ernest, always quick and full of knowledge,
Helping each of us when we haste,
The comfort and delight of our whole college,
Who, when bundles come in thick and fast,
Directed in your care to the depot,
Deals them to us even to the last
And oft is forced to come out to Monroe;
Your patience, Ernest, is fit subject for a theme,
Your quickness is a thing to marvel at;
Your courtesy has won you our esteem,
And hereby we would honor you for that.
May you live long without a care to tire,
And always be "the agent of Sweet Briar!"


JOKES
AND
PUNS
DEVALL GWATHMEY
1909

The War of the Rose and Green

Of war and maids I sing; that war which first
Was waged in chapel. Fierce was it and long.
Begin then, Muse, and to my mind recall
The causes of this war 'mongst maidens sweet.
Among the hills of old Virginia proud
There is a college, fairest of the fair,
This college chose as emblem fair the rose,
And for its colors boasted rose and green.
For many years these colors shone undimmed
On field of war and in the book shop famed.
Then on an ill-starred day a maid more bold
Than all the rest dared even to proclaim
These colors ugly. This, the cause of war.

In chapel then th' opposing parties met,
Midst clash of tongues and bitter strife unholy.
And then the battle raged—First did come
And first did speak our president,
In accents mild she told the cause of war.
Then straightway maidens with shame were filled
To think that any bold enough should be
T'attack those colors fairer than the morn.
And some e'en wept to think their sisters mild
Should from wisdom and from judgment stray.
Then from each side brave champions stood forth
Who fearless did their chosen cause uphold.
In vain our president tried the storm to quell—
It only waxed the fiercer. Till at last
A maid for wisdom and for wit renowned
Stood bravely forth. "But wait," she said, "till spring—
Shall 'pear upon the earth. Till April showers
Make all things green and fair. Till roses sweet
Do bloom in Daisy's garden. Then go forth
And look upon the rose. Admire it long.
Observe its petals pink, its leaves of green,
Then say if Nature wise did wrong in this
When she combined these colors, rose and green.
Presumptuous maids, who think themselves more wise
Than Nature, look and learn! And ne'er again
Insult our colors fair.

R. B. W.

An Ode to the Commissary

When you don't get up
 When the bells resound,
And you still snooze on
 While the girls rush down;
When you wonder how
 You'll live through the day,
There is yet a voice
 That seems to say:
"There's the com, old girl,
 There's the com."

When you leave your dorm
 And you go to walk,
And it isn't enough
 To stroll and talk;
When you feel quite starved
 And you just can't wait—
What does it matter
 If such is your fate?
"There's the com, old girl,
 "There's the com."

When you are in for fun
 And you plan a spread,
And visions of good things
 Dance in your head;
When you must have cake
 And candy and fruit,
Pickles and olives
 And crackers to boot,
"There's the com, old girl,
 "There's the com."

V. D. E.; L. W. S.; L. W.

DICTIONARY DEFINITION

Question.

To pop the question—see pop.

"Why does the Freshie look so blue?"
Beg pardon, but that can't be true,
Or else explain then what you mean,
How can she be blue when she is green?

E. W. G.

At Sweet Briar there are damsels fair,
Renowned for their wondrous hair!
All styles and fashions you will see,
If you'll but come along with me—
From most artistic turban swirl
To coy and fetching dangling curl.
But, oh, those clusters Billy Burke,
Arranged with such a fancy jerk,
And puffs and bangs and chignons grand
Are nowhere matched in all our land.
The *Grecian coronet* is here
And fluffy ruffles o'er our ear—
These dainty modes will win your heart
And ours you'll dub a *School of Art*.

H. M. W.

English teacher (at —— High School)—"William, tell me what you know concerning the education of the poet we are discussing."

William—"Well, he went to Oxford, but was forced to leave on account of illness."

Teacher—"Illness? Why, you have made a mistake."

William—"Why Miss ——! My book certainly said he was forced to leave on account of pecuniary troubles!"

One evening not so long ago,
Our faculty made hearts to glow,
By rendering delightful strains
Of music and uplifting planes.
This straight from their own genius sprang,
And varied as the speech that rang
From Babel's lofty height of yore.
Now ere this pleasant eve was o'er;
We felt the joy of skating fore.
In "Sur La Glacé à S. B. C."
These grand refrains of Mother Goose
Magnificently did break loose,
And rose and fell in wondrous lights,
And raised us to ethereal heights.

H. M. W.

"'Tis doughnut day," the poster reads,
"At Sweet Briar tea house in the meads."
And forthwith hungry lassies raid
The place, and make such heavy trade,
That e'en a score of doughnuts hot
Will not suffice to reach the spot!
Still orders come, until the last
Of all that store, which had been vast,
Is reached, and nothing more is there
To still the cries that rend the air.
Still people sit and seem to hope
For that which is not, and to mope.
When finally the maids appear
With tempting things—for their own cheer!

H. M. W.

Miss B. (hurrying to Library)—"Oh, I have to report to-morrow on the Diet of Worms."

Miss G. (Freshman)—"Why, I thought you had finished biology."

You ought to see a crowd of us,
When off for Lynchburg in the 'bus!
We never are more popular,
Yet thankful are, we never were!
Now if you'd like to know just why,
To this explain I'll duly try—
Our friends surround us and embrace,
And say: "You dear," with so much grace,
That just at first we feel alarmed,
Lest something may their minds have harmed!
But, let me whisper in your ear,
There's method in their madness here!
As off we roll, they beg and plead:
"Get me a hairpin, me a bead."

H. M. W.

A Dormitory Episode

'Twas one night after lights,
When all through the college
Not a creature was stirring
In search of more knowledge.

The lights of the proctors
Had long since gone out,
There was quiet in the buildings
And no walking about.

But all of a sudden
My heart gave a bound,
For the stillness was broken
By a whistle's shrill sound.

I ran to the window—
Looked into the night—
The heavens were brilliant
With a bright flaming light!

I was sure it was Carson,
The refectory, or Gray,
For the fire that I saw
Was as bright as broad day.

I ran into the hall,
Mad in my fright,
And there I was met
By a most pitiful sight.

There were girls with valises—
(Somewhat negligée)
Frantically screaming
As if 'twere Judgment Day.

Girls scurried about
Both this way and that;
Some carried their clothes,
(Why, one wore her hat!)

They grasped in their hands
 Their treasures most rare,
Curls, puffs, and braids—
 All kinds of false hair!

One thoughtful maiden
 Screamed out in her fright,
"Skip to your rooms, quick!
 Get your trunks out all right!"

But straight to the fire-escapes
 They all made a rush;
One carried a picture—
 (Perhaps 'twas her crush.)

But ah, 'twas too funny—
 Their shouts of dismay—
When they, looking without,
 Saw the fire far away.

M. C.; L. W.

Miss S. (in History class)—"Miss P., please discuss the administration of Jefferson." (Miss P.'s face is a perfect blank) "Well, really, Miss P., you can find it all in your little Hart."

Miss W. (on second day after arrival)—"Where is the Refectory? Down in the Infirmary?"

Once every month, a damsel fair
Is chosen proctor with much care;
In order that, with quiet halls,
Her study may be free from brawls.
So she doth sit with open door,
Lest some faint sound should pass her o'er;
Then presently, on hearing some,
She starts to wander with her gun!
Ah! here we have a little noise,
So let us stop these evil joys.
Yes, but, oh me, what has occurred!
No sooner has she thus demurred,
Than through the transom comes a splash
Of water in a deluge rash!

H. M. W.

Sub-Fresh at dinner table (after other members of table had been discussing the magnificence of foreign hotels)—"Well, when *I* go abroad, I want to stop at little inoffensive hotels."

Special (to a care-worn Senior)—"How many issues of the annual do you expect to get out this year?"

Old student (addressing a new girl who had come from the shores of Lake Erie)—"How did you happen to come to college at Sweet Briar?"

New girl—"I came because I live on a lake and I saw where there was a lake at Sweet Briar." (In an indignant tone) "And here I found the Sweet Briar lake was nothing but a 'crick.'"

It's snow-time, it's snow-time,
And all the world is white,
The girls are on the hill-side,
And the coasting's out of sight.
Mary's had a rib broke,
Jane has smashed her nose,
Lucy's caught diphtheria
And the frost has bit her toes.
But it's snow-time, it's snow-time,
The college is full of cheer,
Who minds the infirmary's hated toll
Just so to-day is here?

E. W. G.

Freshman (after carefully scrutinizing telegram just received from fond papa)—"Well, father's handwriting *certainly* has changed!"

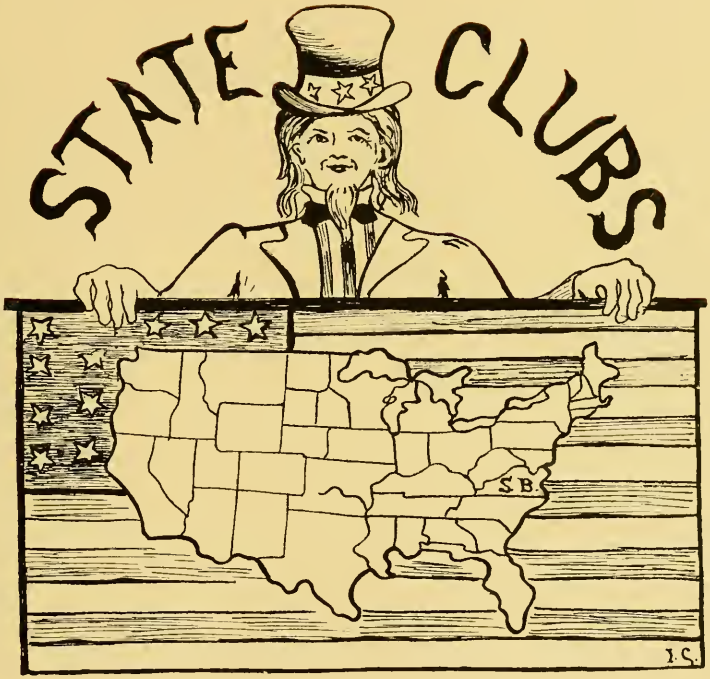
Member of History I (to English professor)—"Do you know, Mr. Crawford, I have to write on Petrarch; what did he do anyway?"

"Haven't you read something of his in English, Miss F.?"

"Oh yes, of course I have—*Petrarch's Lives!*"



PAUL HANN
LILIAN S. LLOYD
RAYMOND THAYER
MISS McLAWS
MARIE ABRAMS
MARGARET L. COBB
DEVALL GWATHMEY
ISABEL CORNWALL
MARGARET A. POTTS


STATE CLUBS
S B
I. C.



Pennsylvania Club

Motto: Heaven is our home

Occupation: Digging

Favorite Dish: Sauerkraut

Color: Coal Black

Song: In de vinter-time,
In de valley green
Ven de vind blows on de vindow pane,
All de vimmen-folks
In de vaudeville
Ride velocipedes on de vindow-sill,
Ah vimmen! Ah men!

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West Virginia Club

What is the happiest state in life?
Why, West Virginia, of course.

MOTTO: Look from darkness into light, not from light into darkness

FLOWER: Rhododendron

COLORS: Violet and Pink

OFFICERS

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EMMY THOMAS
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New York State Club

Motto: Step lively

Color: Delft Blue

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ISABEL CORNWALL		RUTH STAPLES

UNITED WE STAND



DIVIDED WE FALL

KENTUCKY CLUB

MOTTO: The lesson of molasses candy—

Get together—
Stick together—
Pull together!

COLORS: Cardinal and Black

CLUB POEM: We are Seven

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MEMBERS

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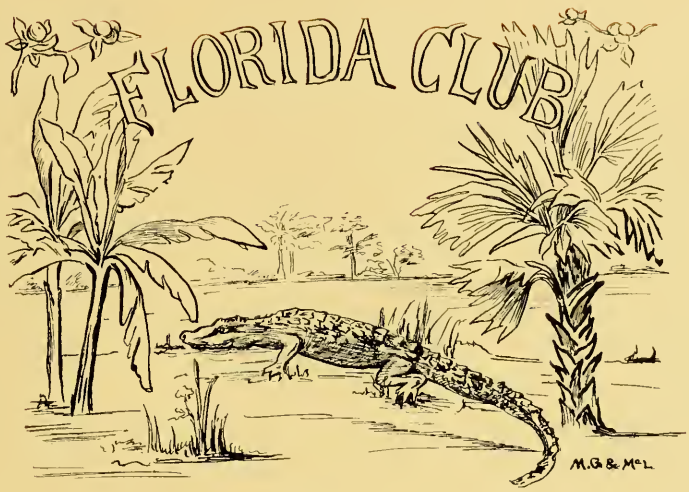
COLORS: Crimson and Black. MOTTO: Don't borrow trouble—lend it

FLOWER: Red Poppy

ISABEL MAURY..... PRESIDENT

MEMBERS

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GRACE CARROLL..... Beaumont
BYRD KNOX..... Houston
ISABEL MAURY..... Palestine
JOSEPHINE PROCTOR..... Beaumont
SEA WILLOW WARD..... Beaumont
ADELAIDE WHELESS..... Beaumont



SONG: Way Down Upon the Suwannee River

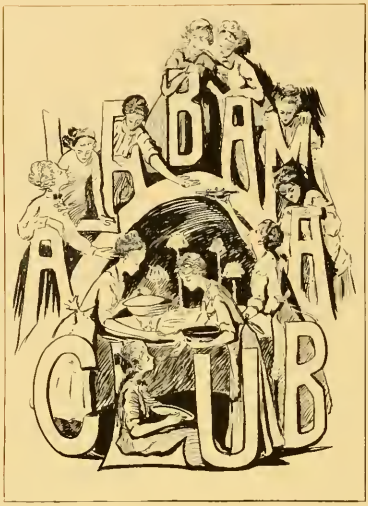
MOTTO: Do it now

FLOWER: Orange Blossom

COLORS: Green and White

MEMBERS

MARY GROOVER—*Big Jim*
SARA DENHAM—*Betty*
META BRYAN—*Orphan*
RUTH DREW—*Ostrich*
CLYDE CRAWFORD—*Tilly*
EVELYN RIGNEY—*Old Joe*



COLORS: Crimson and White
FLOWER: Golden Rod

MOTTO: To love one another we do our best,
So whene'er we meet we feast and jest.

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SUE HARDY VICE-PRESIDENT

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ROSE OWEN McDAVID	EMILY MORRISS	LUCY TYLER



North Carolina Club

Motto: Esse quam videri
Colors: Blue and White
Flower: Bluette
Song: The Old North State

OFFICERS

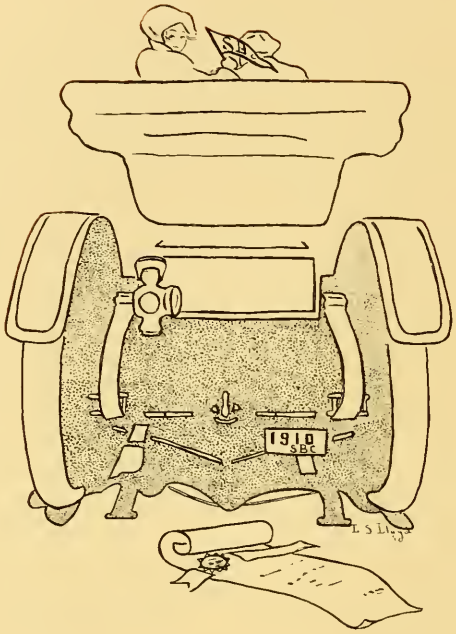
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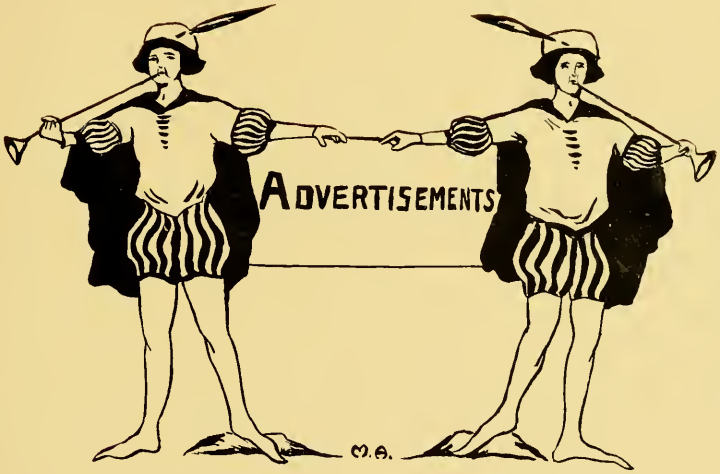
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CAMMIE C. RODMAN
RUTH McDOWD

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REV. MR. WALLACE E. ROLLINS
MRS. WALLACE E. ROLLINS
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